

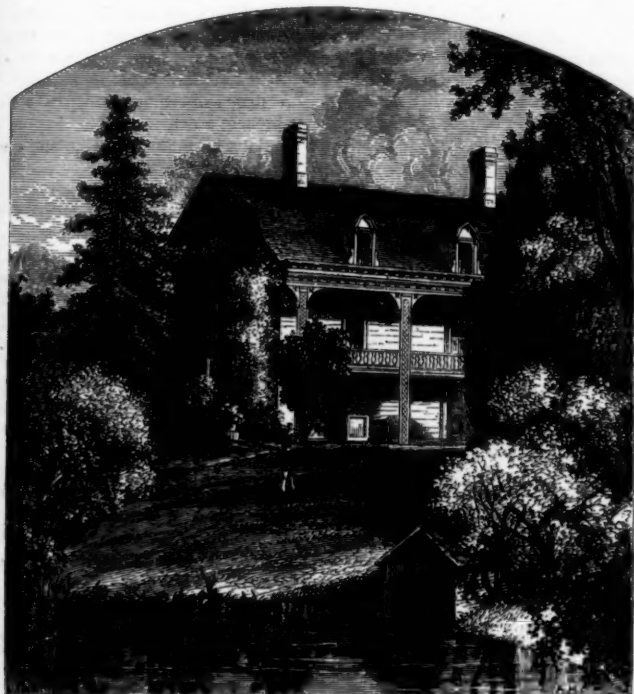
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A VISIT TO CEDARMERE.



HOME OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND.

IT was a fine, bright morning, about the middle of last October, that my life and destination were tranquilly confided to the care of the Long Island Railroad at Hunter's Point.

My journey was not a long one, nor was the verdant carpet of Nature along the route of a pattern sufficiently captivating to dispel my preconceived notions of the monotony and flatness of Long Island scenery. I gazed dreamily from the window upon the succession of orchards and fences chasing each other into the background, until a weight settled upon my eyelids, and a confused mass of unimportant thoughts tumbled over each other in the dark.

I awoke to consciousness when Roslyn was announced. As I emerged from the close, cool car I found the air softened into a mellow warmth. The temperature could not have been more perfect had June suddenly been misplaced in the calendar. Presently I was driving through a peaceful and pretty village, gay with autumn tints and fragrant

with autumn flowers. The sunshine seemed to lay about in fantastic piles, as deep as a January snow; the black ponies arched their necks with marvelous grace, as they plunged their hoofs into it; and the carriage-wheels cut and tossed and sent it dancing along their spokes, as if it had been shed for a playful purpose only.

I strained my eyes for the first glimpse of the poetical shades of "Cedarmere," and was sure I caught it just thirteen times. The three-fourths of a mile from the station was strangely elongated. Enthusiasm welled within me, but I possessed my soul with patience, and was rewarded when at last the horses' heads were reined through a broad gateway, as I understood without further questioning that the point of interest was attained.

My first sensation was that of disappointment. From what I had gathered from the various sources of information, I had pictured in my fancy Mr. Bryant's Long Island home as a plain Quaker relic of a former

century. Livy says, "In contemplating antiquity the mind itself becomes antique"—my condition, doubtless; hence the shock when I was greeted by a great, square, handsome structure, with balconies and verandas and bay-windows, artistically trimmed with China honeysuckle, clematis and clematis vines, and effectively sheltered and shielded from storms and description by the drooping boughs of magnificent trees.

The front-door opens in the centre, and a broad hall lined with choice pictures extends quite through the building. The rear-door is an old Dutch legacy, cut open in the middle, and was one of the dear antiquarian objects which restored me to my original self. The staircase perfected my happiness. It is a centennial landmark. As I passed over it, I was for the moment eclipsed with a halo of distinguished associations. The same steps had been pressed by the feet of scholars and poets and grave dignitaries of state. They bear the indelible marks of the age in which they were fashioned, and of the severe taste of the man who eschewed gold lace and red broadcloth, and who emphasized his *thee* and *thou*.

The cheerful luxury and cordial hospitality of the guest-chamber turned my attention to the dust of two hours' travel. It was in my heart to remove the same, but the situation was unfavorable for its accomplishment. I must needs sandwich my brushing with stolen views through the leafy windows. It was a stroke of the whisk-broom and a titbit of romantic scenery foreign to my expectations, in which velvety lawn, bordered garden-walks, bright-colored flowers, patches of water, polished as if the water-nymphs had been industriously sand-papering it for company, and the whole family of greens, even to yellow and red, displayed upon the wooded shore opposite, were among the chief characteristics. When I resolutely drew down the shade, I was confronted by the restful foreground of the prospect: Easy-chairs and sofas, and curtains in daintiest chintz matching the oak furniture, which appeared to be the spontaneous product of the carpet, a little bookcase filled, a table before it with ink-stand and fancy pen-wiper, and quaint works of art and curious and interesting pictures on every side. Do you wonder, gentle reader, at the gray stripes of sand upon my black apparel when I reached the parlor?

The house is full of contradictory features. The mind becomes distracted between its modern charms and its old-fashioned peculiarities. The parlor is the southwestern

corner room, to the left of the entrance-hall. It has two graceful bay-windows, each commanding a long stretch of out-of-door beauties, in striking contrast to an antiquarian fireplace, with tiled jams, brass andirons and fender, and an ancient stone hearth. I was in the presence of the poet, who was now only the friendly, entertaining host, and of his daughter, Miss Julia Bryant, the presiding genius of his household. One flutter of my imagination, and I was in the ideal presence of Richard Kirk, who built this mansion shortly after the Revolution, and who also constructed the embankment which forms the fanciful artificial lake glimmering up from below. The gathering in of the mountain-springs was for the practical purpose of running a small manufacturing establishment, the matter-of-fact Quaker little dreaming that it would prove "a joy forever" to the admiring eye. It is doubtful whether he would find traces enough of his own handiwork to enable him to identify the habitation itself were he cast in among us. It has endured a succession of transformations. It was for a time in the possession of Joseph W. Moulton, the historian, who surrounded it with square columns and a heavy cornice. It is some thirty years since it was purchased by Mr. Bryant. He has repaired and improved and adorned it, until it is the perfect embodiment of personal comfort, rare good taste, and the refinement of high culture.

There are two ancient cabinets built deep into the wall, one upon each side of the great fireplace, which are preserved with scrupulous care. They contain valuable curiosities and heirlooms, and are scented with romance. You cannot fail to see the connection between them and the fine paintings and engravings, the soft cushions and the fresh-cut flowers, but it is many generations remote.

How shall I describe the gem of Cedarmere, the room from which has emanated so much of the best thought in our language? It is to the north of the forefatherly chimney which separates it from the parlor; it has twin bay-windows, one welcoming a flood of the western sunshine, the other taking in strips of greenest turf from under a beautiful magnolia-tree to the north. The original fireplace, before which the republican Quaker and his friends discussed the tangled questions pertaining to the rise of a new nation, has disappeared in favor of a patent fire-frame, where curling flames play at hide-and-seek in chilly weather; but the Dutch tiles, with their Scriptural references, remain. The entire walls to the ceiling are lined with books. A glance over their title-pages enlarges the human understanding as to the variety of topics, from the classics to horticulture, from theology to poetry, from politics to fiction, which may be embraced in one collection. Nearly all that genius has created or industry achieved in the way of letters has found its way to these shelves. In the sunny bay-window stands a small writing-desk. It is one of the most eloquent inanimate objects I have ever had the pleasure of interviewing. It sent finished and impressive poems thrilling through my soul; it held me spellbound, while images of man

and Nature, of Greece, of Rome, of mediæval Europe, of our own forests, of our rising civilization, the fruits of travel and of laborious research, and the great questions of the day, scintillated, as it were, from its surface. A large library-table occupies the centre of the room, and is strewn with periodicals and literary novelties. Pictures and engravings upon easels, inviting arm-chairs and pretty rugs, the ceaseless hum of rustling foliage, and the music of birds, add their subtle fascinations to this holy of holies.

The dining-room is in front, to the right of the entrance. Its appointments are of the same character as elsewhere—unpretentious and yet elegant. The guest is so placed at table as to be able to divide indulgence of fine tastes, if he chance to possess them, between bewitching landscape without, and delicious viands, rare fruits, poetry and philosophy within. It is a room less rich in bay-windows than its near of kin, having only one, but this one is directly in front of you. It overlooks a rhododendron, a shrub more impatient by nature of wind than cold, and which in this instance has attained distinguished growth under its northern shelter. It is screened from the street approach by a frame covered with grape-vines and three handsome trees in confidential nearness, an arbor-vitæ, a locust, and a yellow wood of the Tennessee mountain species. Upon the eastern side of the room is an ordinary-sized window, revealing glimpses of a leafy and picturesque hillside.

I was reminded—perhaps through the conversation, which touched lightly upon New England scenes and the modes of life in different countries—of another hill, less accessible and more immethodical, of a winding road up its jolting steeps, and of a bevy of rollicking boys and girls, who once took a surreptitious journey over it in a baker's wagon to see the birthplace of the author of "Monument Mountain." It was during the noon-recess of a Massachusetts school. The baker had left his horse and wagon under a shed in the vicinity, while he went to his dinner. The distance was less than three miles, and the exploit might possibly have been accomplished within the hour, but the horse was lame. The pine bread-boxes were slippery also, and precious time was wasted by the frequent spilling of the restless freight, and the fishing of it up again. The rising cart, like a beehive on wheels, rose in the end to the very summit of juvenile hopes, but, through unskilled management in turning, was most ignominiously upset. Luckily no bones were broken, but a subdued band of culprits were arraigned and tried before an indignant teacher as the afternoon waned.

The notable dwelling where Mr. Bryant first saw the light—November 3, 1794—is in Cummington, Massachusetts. His father was a physician, and noted among his contemporaries for rare scholastic attainments. His mother was well educated, and in mind and character superior to most of the women of her time. He traces much of his taste for study to the instruction, example, and encouragement of both his parents. He was a precocious boy, some of his verses finding their way into print before he was ten years old.

Schools were few, and he was taught chiefly at home, until his final preparation for Williams College, under the learned Rev. Moses Hallock, of Plainfield—the town adjoining Cummington. The Rev. William A. Hallock, the great head of the American Tract Society, and Girard Hallock, the founder of the *Journal of Commerce*, were sons of his preceptor, and his companions in study. He entered college at sixteen. He wrote "Thanatopsis" at eighteen. He studied law after leaving college, and practised ten years. His gifted pen meanwhile attracted public attention, and he was persuaded to remove to New York and enter upon a literary career. He soon became connected with the *Evening Post*, and his name still reflects lustre upon its columns. He assisted at the birth and has contributed to the development of our domestic literature in all its branches. His more than half-century of active usefulness has brought a rich reward, in that the world appreciates his masterly genius, and a nation delights in doing him honor.

After dinner we went upon the veranda. The poet offered to show me his garden and grounds, and I accepted the courtesy with gratitude. The garden is between the house and the bay, and seemed from the former to consist of a few flower-beds only, bounded by box and sprinkled with shrubs. But it grew in extent the farther we walked. It really covers an acre, or perhaps two. It is filled with the choicest specimens of floral culture, and my indulgent guide, in his familiarity with the science of Flora and the precise nomenclature of the plant-world, taught me unwittingly a chapter in botany as we loitered along the paths. Fruit-trees were numerous, and they were all on their good behavior, never casting a grim shadow among the flowers. Two persimmon-trees attracted me—the fruit of one was round like a plum, that of the other was flat like a turnip and about an inch in diameter. A Portuguese quince, a Chinese and-pear, and a Chickasaw plum, delayed us also some minutes. In the lower part of the garden seven or eight varieties of foreign grapes are growing under glass. I had noticed already in various places some ten varieties of American grapes.

Below us lay a strawberry-patch, so well regulated and cared for that one might walk with perfect ease between its rows of circumspect-looking plants; and to the left, nestled in shrubbery and oppressed with vines, was a unique little building, which I took for a summer-house, but which I soon learned was a "mill," notably useful, containing saws and machinery, and power to force water into the reservoir on the hill. We passed under a fine, flourishing pecan-tree, and went down the smooth, grassy lawn to the artificial lake; then proceeded along the irregular embankment, between which and the harbor is a plantation of shade-trees and shrubbery, past a rural, rustic bridge, and bushes and dwarf-pines and Scotch brooms, admiring the decorative art with which the mountain-laurel and the Virginia creepers and wild-grape vines disposed of themselves among the twigs and branches, until we reached the extreme southern boundary of Cedarmere.

We returned upon the upper side of the lake under cover of the road. I paused abruptly before a great European elm, and exclaimed:

"What a beautiful, shapely tree!"

"Can you believe that I brought that, a feeble sapling, in a one-horse wagon, from Oyster Bay, twenty-nine years ago?" replied Mr. Bryant. Then, springing up the bank with elastic grace, and leaning against its huge trunk, "See," said he, "how the sapling has outgrown the man!"

A few steps farther, and we encountered a Turkish oak, indigenous in the islands of the archipelago and throughout Greece. On one side, sulkily, as if jealous of the intrusion of its foreign relation, stands an old American oak, its head broader than it is high; and a first-cousin of the same aristocratic family in the vicinity offers leaves destitute of flexible points or bristles. I was interested in a sweet-gum tree, also in a red horse-chestnut, such as they plant in France just for the flower. The latter had lost its clothing, and stood in a sort of abashed way among its well-dressed fellows. A curious hop-tree appealed to my notice, in connection with several which I must omit to mention; and then we crossed the road and ascended the hilly heights on the opposite side.

Eight or ten cottages dot "Cedarmere," all of Mr. Bryant's building, and designed for members of his family, or personal friends. They sprung upon me from the most unexpected quarters, each presenting a different phase of architecture. But my interest centred rather in the rural prospects, and in the "sacred trees," doubly sacred because the hand of the poet himself planted them, and because from under their shade he has drawn inspiration for some of his noblest works. They are everywhere; standing singly, standing in rows, standing in clusters, as if they had been distributed through some convulsion of Nature, without order or method. And yet, who so blind as not to discern consummate order and method in their arrangement? The pine, the locust, the ash, the beach, the elm, and the maple, are like chiefs of armies in council, while their under officers and various divisions form forests in the background. An old apple-orchard through which we passed, which has scattered its—

"Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,"

shows signs of rheumatism, and the trees have a tired look, and seem to beckon to the winds to come and shake their branches early.

We came finally to a huge black walnut, twenty-five feet in circumference, and about one hundred and eighty feet high. Mr. Bryant possesses data which convince him that it is not less than one hundred and seventy years old. It has several branches equal in size to giant trees.

Along the road to Glen Cove the poet has formed a sort of belt to his property, by planting several thousand European larches—the same as the American hackmatack—a kind of timber which lasts indefinitely, never decaying in the ground.

There is one high point of land where a score of magnificent views may be obtained, not least among which is the placid Sound,

seven miles distant, with the village of the Methodist camping-ground in the intervening space. We turned homeward through a lane lined with sugar-maples. They are less hale and hearty than any other variety of tree which Mr. Bryant has planted, and the inference is that the region is never to be sweetened by the manufacture of maple-sugar. The fields were the more inviting, hence we shook off the lane and invaded them again—or other fields, where the chestnut, and the walnut, and the cherry, and the plum, and the pear, were flourishing. Of the latter I saw some sixty varieties. Currant, raspberry, and wild-rose bushes hugged the fences, and numerous vegetable plantations were on friendly footing.

Recrossing the road, we circumnavigated the elegant dwelling of Parke Godwin, the son-in-law of Mr. Bryant, which is to the north of his own. It is hedged in by weeping-willows and stately elms, and has a beautiful, smooth lawn decorated with mounds of flowers. We were soon under the magnolias whence we started, and went down a sharp declivity near the house to examine two Japanese trees, the "Sophora" and the "Kohlienteria," and a yew, a laburnum, and Kentucky coffee-tree. Around a red maple by the western balcony is festooned a trumpet-creeper, called "Bignoni." A superb white pine stands at the southwestern corner, and a great tulip has a commanding position in front of the mansion. A list of the Cedarmere trees would fill a volume. My object in mentioning the few is to give the reader some comprehension of their diversity and beauty.

I was deeply impressed with the art and taste exhibited in all this landscape-gardening. From the veranda, indeed from any part of the house, no fences or boundaries are to be seen, but vistas reaching off to where the trees and mountains seem to come together, or the water dwindle to a point bridged with overhanging foliage.

It is in the open air that Mr. Bryant appears to the best advantage, and reveals most clearly the breadth of intellect and culture which has resulted in such perfect development, healthful tastes, and generous sympathies. And yet hardly less illustrative of the true character of a great man was the evening in the parlor. The talk fell, as was natural in such presence, into the familiar discussion of the loftiest themes. It led to the expression of strong opinions in pure and elegant English. It unfolded a wide range of reading even to the latest newspaper sensation, and an apt fidelity of memory. It touched upon the unsettled questions of the age and literature, provoking the warm interest which is the offspring of positive intelligence and experience, and a knowledge of humanity based on the keenest observation. Every now and then a flash of humor lighted up the whole mental horizon, and left a pleasant glimmer in its wake.

I fain would dwell longer upon scenes and surroundings which, from their association with one whose name is a household word among us, are of never-flagging interest; but I must end.

A little steamer runs daily between Ros-

lyn and New York. As we stood the next day upon the upper deck admiring the beautiful shores of the inlet or bay, "Cedarmere" looked from the water like one dense wood joined to the crown of trees on the hill. The October foliage was never more brilliant; the browns and the greens predominated, but the purple and the gold and the red were all the brighter for the contrast. Sighing on the breeze came the words—

" . . . O Autumn! why so soon
Depart the trees that make thy forests glad?"

MARTHA J. LAMB.

"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR,

ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XII.

"Once I sat upon a mountain,
Gazing on the mist before me;
Like a great gray sheet of canvas,
Shrouding all things in its cover,
Did it float 'twixt earth and heaven."

TWILIGHT is brief on the summit of the Black. A hundred miles or more away—behind the far peaks and passes of the Tennessee mountains—the sun sinks in a bed of glory, and the last rim of his disk has scarcely disappeared before a soft mantle of darkness falls over us. Then we remember that there is a full moon, and we turn toward the east. Yes, she is coming! There is a glow along the horizon, out of which a yellow shoulder presently appears, and, before the crimson light has faded out of the distant west, the "silver sister-world" has mounted into the blue depths of the eastern sky, and her light streams on the deep chasms and high peaks of the great mountain, with its dark plumage of firs.

Wrapped closely in heavy shawls—for the air is sharply cold—we sit and watch this beauty deepen as dusk gives place to night. Over the immense expanse spread below—from Virginia to Georgia, from Tennessee to South Carolina—a white glamour lies, showing the dim outlines of countless mountains, the dark shadows of unnumbered valleys, and deepening to silver mist where the remote landscape meets the arching sky. Around us this radiance has almost the brightness of day, so rarefied is the air of our great altitude, while the mica—which enters largely into the composition of all the rocks and even of the soil on the surface of the peak—sparkles in the light like precious stones. So brilliantly white is all around, so dark the firs sweeping downward below, so far-stretching and mysterious the immeasurably distant view, that words are hushed on our lips. We are thrilled by the greatness of the silent scene, by the solemnity of the glorious night. To be on this lonely mountain-top, uplifted so high above the world, fills us with a sense of exaltation and awe.

"How still, how vast, how beautiful!" says Sylvia, in a low voice. "How strange to think of the thousands of people scattered

below us, going their accustomed social or domestic ways, while we sit here, midway between heaven and earth—alone with the mountains and the moon!"

"And each other," says Mr. Lanier. "Pray don't forget that."

"I should like to forget it," she answers, gazing far away over the broken expanse of distant country with something wistful in the expression of her face as the moon shines on it. "I should like to be here entirely alone—for once. It would be something one could never forget."

"I should think not, indeed," says Mrs. Cardigan, with a shudder. "It would be something to set one crazy with fright. It is the most beautiful place I have ever seen; but there is something terrible in its loneliness. Listen! What eerie sound is that?"

"Only the wind sighing among the balsam-trees," answers Charley. "I wish we could hear the cry of a wild-cat. That *does* sound eerie when one is in the woods at night."

"I wish a bear would walk out of those firs," says Sylvia. "Oh, why will nothing ever happen? It seems that our journeyings are doomed to be lamentably tame."

"Tame!" repeats Mr. Lanier, in a tone of amazement. "Why, have we not had storms and floods?"

"Hallo!"—it is Rupert's voice which speaks in the rear—"are you going to stay here all night? The fire's made, and the coffee's made, and Brother Eric says, come down to the cave."

"A very good suggestion," says Mr. Lanier, rising promptly. "It is really exceedingly chilly. A fire will be very welcome."

"Even though one may have to take smoke along with it," says Mrs. Cardigan, mischievously.

The ideas which Rupert's words have presented are more or less pleasing to all of us, so we rise and stumble down the steep path which leads to the cave. A picturesque sight greets us when we come within view of this shelter. Immediately in front of it an enormous fire is burning, lighting up the rugged lichened face of the rock, the group of figures within the cave, and the dark forest around. To our relief, we see that the column of smoke mounts steadily upward, so that we have no annoyance on this score to dread.

"That supply of fuel must be intended to last during the week you wish to stay here, Miss Norwood," says Mrs. Cardigan, pointing to the pile of wood which lies on the farther side of the fire—an imposing pile, certainly, of freshly-cut logs.

"And what are these for?" asks Mr. Lanier, pausing to regard a heap of boughs.

"Those," says Charley, "are the best substitute for mountain heather to be found in this part of the world, and form an excellent bed.—Well, Eric, you have succeeded in making the balsam-wood burn for once."

"It burns as well as any other wood if you put enough on," answers Eric.

"And if you keep puttin' on," says the guide, a little dryly.

We declare that it is delightful, and certainly the red heart of the fire is beautiful

when we draw near and seat ourselves in front of it. Harrison lifts the coffee-pot from the coals on which it is placed, cups are produced and filled, a paper of sugar is handed round, slices of ham are broiled on the coals, Sylvia volunteers to toast some bread, but ends by deputing Harrison to do it under her direction. While we talk and laugh, and the vivid glare of the fire lights up the gypsy scene, the silver moon looks serenely down upon us—for our cave faces due east—as if with a large-minded tolerance for human weakness.

After this we are sufficiently tired to think of rest. Even Sylvia owns that her eyes are slightly heavy.

"We were waked at such a barbarous hour this morning!" she says, by way of excuse for this fact.

"And you will be waked at a still more barbarous hour to-morrow morning, if you want to see the sunrise," says Eric.

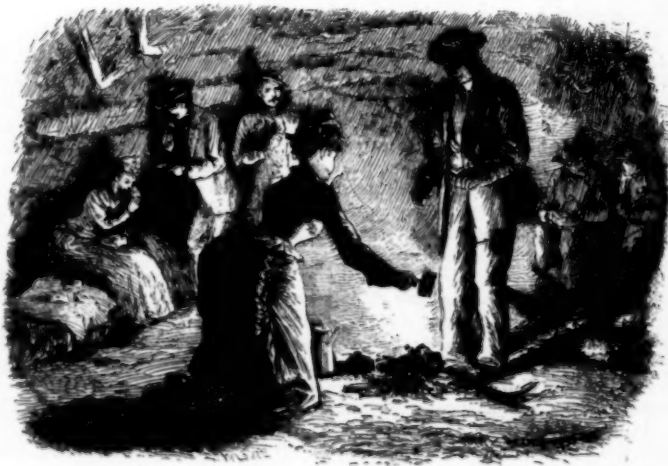
"I don't know what the rest may be," says Rupert, yawning, "but I'm dead tired."

glance, his hesitation would have been short; but she gives none. Whether he comes or not is plainly a matter on which she does not bestow a thought, as, with Charley's assistance, she springs lightly up the rock-strewn way. Almost any man in such a situation would be piqued. Mr. Lanier is no exception to the rule. He turns to Mrs. Cardigan, and remarks that he is too tired for further climbing.

"We will sit down here," he says, pointing to a flat, convenient stone, "and enjoy the moonlight without fatiguing ourselves."

We sit down, but the moon receives an exceedingly small share of the attention of my companions. Mrs. Cardigan devotes herself to the entertainment of Mr. Lanier, Mr. Lanier returns the compliment by devoting himself to the entertainment of Mrs. Cardigan. In fifteen minutes they are launched in full tide of flirtation; so, feeling myself *de trop*, I rise and stroll away.

Eric and Mr. Burnet, assisted by Rupert and Harrison, are making our couch, an op-



"Sylvia volunteers to toast some bread."

"I am going to the peak for one last look," says Sylvia. "After that I suppose I must yield to the infirmities of nature, and sleep like a log while all this beauty is holding the world under a spell of enchantment."

"Are you going to the peak again?" asks Mrs. Cardigan, addressing me in a highly-dissuasive tone. "I don't think I shall."

"I don't think I can," I answer. "I have exhausted my power of climbing for the present. We will go out in front of the cave while Eric and Mr. Burnet prepare our sleeping-apartment."

"Yes, we can see the moon very well from here, and have the benefit of the fire, too," says Mrs. Cardigan, stepping from under the shadow of the rock.

I step out also, and am amused to observe how Mr. Lanier hesitates for a minute, uncertain whether to follow Sylvia, who is mounting the path leading to the summit of the peak, or to remain with us.

If the former had given one backward

eration which I watch with considerable interest and amusement. First an oil-cloth is spread, then a number of balsam-twigs are strewed thickly, and over these quilts and shawls are placed.

"There!" says Eric, turning to me when the last has been laid. "If you don't call that a good bed, you don't know what a good bed is! I should not mind sleeping on it every night."

"Perhaps that is because you have made it yourself," I say, with a laugh. "One is apt to think well of one's own handiwork."

But I am constrained to admit, when I try the bed, that it is very comfortable, the balsam-boughs being in a measure elastic, and their fresh, spicy odor full of delightful woodland suggestions. I wrap my water-proof round me, take a satchel for a pillow, curl down, and fall asleep, while figures are still passing to and fro around the ruddy fire, and the silver splendor of the night lies beyond.

I am dimly conscious of voices talking, of other figures lying down, and of quietness

presently, only broken now and then by a scuffle (apparently between Charley and Rupert) on the subject of cover, or by some one rising to replenish the fire. About midnight I overheard, in a state between sleeping and waking, the following conversation:

"Hailo, Dan!"—it is Eric's voice which speaks—"what has come over the night? Isn't it cloudy?"

"Tol'ably cloudy," answers Dan—he is standing by the fire which he has just replenished—"the clouds seem to be gatherin' pretty thick. We'll be in the midst of 'em by mornin'."

"Fine prospect for a sunrise," says Eric.

"Capital prospect for sleeping late," remarks Charley, in a somnolent tone of voice.

I hear no more. I, too, am indifferent to the sunrise, so, shifting my satchel a little, I drop off to sleep again. Incredible as it may seem to those who have never tried such quarters, I never rested with a greater sense of pleasure and refreshment than on this bed of balsam under a mountain-rock.

When I wake next a voice is saying, "Time to be up!—half-past four o'clock," and I open my eyes to see a dark figure standing in front of the smouldering fire—a figure which I know by the carriage of the shoulders and head to be Eric—while another figure (that of Mr. Burne!) is bringing wood from the diminished pile, and all around are the recumbent outlines of the sleeping party. Far and faint in the east—infinity distant, it seems—a pale streak of light lies along the verge of the horizon, and, seeing this, I rise to a sitting posture.

"Oh, we *are* going to have a sunrise, after all!" I say.

"There is generally something of that kind in the morning," says Eric; "and it takes place sooner on a mountain than in the lower world, so you had better roase your neighbors."

I proceed at once to shake each of them, while Eric rouses the masculine sleepers very summarily. There is a little grumbling and much yawning on the part of the latter; then they rise and gather round the fire, which by this time is burning brightly. By this time, also, the glow in the east has widened, so we do not pause for any toilet-arrangements, but, pulling the hoods of our water-proofs over our heads, announce that we are ready.

We climb the peak in the cold, gray dawn, with just enough of dim light to show us a mist lying all around.

"Why, there is a fog!" says Mrs. Cardigan.

"A fog!" repeats Eric. "It is a cloud, which has been hovering over us since midnight."

"Then we can't see the sunrise!" cries a disgusted chorus.

"We may see a very fine sunrise if the clouds continue as at present to lie below. They have been up around us two or three times, but now the breeze has blown them off, and we overlook them."

He is right. When we gain the summit, we find a sea of vapor spread below us, out of which nothing appears but the peak on which we stand, and our left the dark dome

of Craggy, toward which the moon is sloping. We are in the midst of a boundless ocean, on the distant limit of which the sunrise glow is growing brighter.

Of this wonderful glow—which momentarily waxes greater—it is difficult to write without seeming to verge on rhapsody. For once in our lives we realize what the daily miracle which we call sunrise is. Along at least a hundred miles of horizon a flushing radiance extends, infinitely varied in its combinations of color. There is not a tint known to earth, or sea, or sky, which does not find a place on the wide, changing belt of splendor—and many of them are so exquisite that we can only liken them to the colors of the purest gems. There are seas of aqua-marine and chrysolite, there are clouds of ruby and gold, of amethyst and jacinth. And from the rocky point on which we stand to this heaven of beauty, nothing intervenes save a vast expanse of mist, over which the luminous glory falls, gilding with prismatic radiance its myriad waves.

The most careless of us stand enthralled by the majesty of the spectacle—forgetful of our appearance, indifferent to the sharp coldness of the morning air. Even Rupert, with his hands in his pockets and a large plaid shawl of Sylvia's over his shoulders, gazes in open-eyed wonder and admiration, while Mr. Burnet—who has probably beheld a thousand sunrises from mountain-peaks—is roused sufficiently to say, "Now, that's pretty—ain't it?"

Suddenly some one exclaims, "Look at the moon!" and we turn abruptly around. That luminary is half-obscured by clouds as it sinks slowly behind Craggy—and these clouds have caught the eastern glory. The moon herself is more yellow than silver in the reflected light, and the vapors which surround her are crimson and rose-color, burnished with gold. The effect is beyond all description. We scarcely know whether to gaze at the east or the west, and we turn from one point to another in a kind of enraptured distraction.

"Well," says Eric, "the person who does not feel that he or she is repaid for the ascent of the Black by *this*, need never hope to be repaid for any exertion. You might come here for a dozen years without witnessing such a sight again!"

"We are a hundred-fold repaid," says Sylvia. "See! yonder comes the sun. How long has his preparation for rising lasted?"

"An hour," answers Charley, glancing at his watch. "It was a quarter to five when we gained the peak, and the first flush of color lay along the east; it is a quarter to six now, when the sun appears over the horizon."

"What an enchanted hour it has been!" says Sylvia, with a soft sigh. She stands still, watching with level eyes the refulgent glory, from which the rest of us turn away our dazzled gaze. Over her fair face, framed in its dark hood, the kindling sunlight falls, showing the pearly freshness of her complexion, and touching to gold the light waves of hair around her brow.

"What a thing it is to be young!" says Mrs. Cardigan, in a tone of half-unconscious

envy. "With such a skin as *that* one can afford to face a sunrise, but I know that I am looking frightfully fallow, so I shall return to the cave to practise a few toilet arts Good-morning!"

She draws her hood farther over her face—"like a witch in a play," she says, laughing—declines any escort, and flits away.

No one else moves. We are lost in admiration of the marvelous beauty which grows greater rather than less now that the sun has risen. The sea itself conveys no stronger impression of immensity than the boundless ocean of vapor which we overlook.

"It has been the dream of my life to be above the clouds," cries Sylvia, "and now I am!"

"You certainly are," says Eric. "No ray of the sunlight which bathes us, pierces through this canopy."

"One feels as if one might launch a boat on it," says Charley.

"Yonder is an island or two," says Mr. Lanier, pointing eastward. Several islands appear on the verge of the horizon—the most elevated points of the Blue Ridge piercing the clouds.

"Yonder is the crest of the Grandfather—which was formerly thought to be the highest Appalachian mountain," says Eric.

"I suppose that was in the days when the Black was called the Negro Mountain," says Charley. "By Jove, what a sight! We have the Atlantic on one side and the Pacific on the other."

"Or rather we have a picture of the Deluge when the waters began to abate from the face of the earth," says Sylvia. The mist is moving—see!—Eric, will it lift after a while?"

"Very likely it *may* lift—and envelop us," answers Eric.

"I think you are mistaken," remarks Mr. Lanier. "The clouds are passing away. Look in this direction."

Our eyes follow the direction of his hand, and we see that the clouds are undoubtedly passing away from that portion of the view which lies between us and Tennessee. The great hills of Mitchell and Yancey stand fully revealed in the clear light and long shadows of early morning—though the valleys are still transformed to beautiful, tremulous lakes of mist.

In her enthusiasm Sylvia calls upon Charley to assist her to the top of the chimney again. "I must see all that can be seen," she says. "I don't know that I shall ever witness another sunrise from the summit of the Black."

"It has been very fine, indeed," says Mr. Lanier, "but one is enough, I think."

Then this gentleman, like Mrs. Cardigan, retires for some finishing touches to his toilet—a matter which has plainly weighed on his mind for some time.

"Poor Lanier!" says Charley. "He could not enjoy the view from Mont Blanc if his collar was rumpled, his cravat awry, or his hair out of accurate wave."

"It does not become you to laugh at him," says Sylvia, who never fails to defend her admirer—when he is absent. "Because

collars and cravats are of no importance to you, and Nature has curled your hair so that it looks better disordered than any other way, is no reason for making game of more fastidious and less fortunate persons."

"I am not making game of him," says Charley, "though, by Jove! if I tried—however, it does not matter.—Alice, I want you to witness something which this young lady promised me last night."

"Very well," I answer, placidly. I am on one side of the chimney and Charley on the other, while Sylvia stands on top. The rest have disappeared—Eric, Mr. Burnet, and Rupert, on thoughts of breakfast intent. I am more interested in the far, blue peaks of the Unaka, and the distant range of the Cumberland, than in anything Sylvia may have promised, but I am ready to be obliging, so I say, "Very well."

"Now, Charley," says that young lady, in a warning tone, "mind you tell the truth."

"I always do," replies Charley, virtuously.—"Well, Alice, you know that she has been in the habit of treating me with—well, I desire to be moderate, so I will say, with great want of consideration."

"You know, Alice," says Sylvia, "that I was obliged to keep him in his place—else what would become of him?"

"Query, what is my place?" asks Charley. "At your feet?"

"A very good place," she remarks, coolly. "You might find many worse. Please don't let me tumble— Oh!"

Charley restores her to her proper balance, and then turns again to me.

"Regarding this fact," he says, "together with the corresponding fact that I have never been in love with any woman but herself, not even for a day in all my life—"

"What a story!" says the person on the chimney. "Charley, you ought to be ashamed! You never dared to tell me such an untruth! I should at once have reminded you of Sue Collins and Adèle Dupont, not to speak of Miss Hollis—"

"That is nonsense," says Charley. "If we began to talk of flirtations, I could bring forward a list of *your* amusements that would double mine."

"A woman has a right to flirt" (dogmatically).

"Oh! has she?" (skeptically). "That is a claim I never heard advanced before—though it is certainly well practised. All this is straying from the subject, however.—The long and short of the matter is, Alice, that she promised last night to take me into consideration, and I want you to stand witness to the fact."

"Why should I do anything of the kind?" I ask. "Are you foolish enough to fancy that 'taking you into consideration' means anything more than giving you a sop to keep you quiet? You ought to know Sylvia better after all these years."

"Oh, how shameful!" cried Sylvia, "to slander me in that manner, and to talk of 'all these years,' as if I were thirty-five!"

"Old in guile if not in years," quotes Charley.—"I suppose you are right, Alice. I suppose I *am* a fool. I have nothing in particular to offer, while Lanier is abun-

dantly gifted with the substantial charms which win a woman's heart—or at least her hand."

"If you think *that*," cries Sylvia, "you may consider that I take back all I said last night.—Alice, I submit to you—"

"Pray excuse me," I say. "Settle it between yourselves. No good ever comes of introducing a third person into love-making or flirtation."

With this I walk away, and leave them to fight it out according to their usual custom. The result, as I afterward learn from Charley, is by no means definite. "I'm much where I was before," he says. "Sylvia has promised nothing."

"And she never will promise anything," I say, for his comfort. "If there is one thing that Sylvia is averse to, it is binding herself to anything. Perhaps she means to settle the matter according to romantic precedent. She will fall into a torrent or over a precipice, and reward whoever rescues her with the inestimable treasure of her hand."

"I shall look out for precipices and torrents, then, with great interest," says Charley. "Lanier might easily break *his* neck over one, but he will never rescue any one else."

These remarks are exchanged in a corner of the cave during breakfast—which is taken whenever, wherever, and however one likes. During its progress we begin to perceive that Eric was right—a cloud is settling on the mountain. It comes up around us like a white fog, so dense that one might cut a slice and take it home, Rupert observes.

"Surely it will lift

after a while," we say, despondently, since few of us are not anxious for another glimpse of the great view; but Mr. Burnet shakes his head.

"Tisn't likely," he says. "There's goin' to be a change of weather shortly, and the Black's gatherin' clouds. There won't be another clear view to be had from this peak for a week."

"O Mr. Burnet!" cries Sylvia, in a tone of appeal, "I have set my heart on seeing the view again. I had not time to *take it in* yesterday. Don't you think, if we staid till noon, the cloud might lift?"

"I'm afraid there ain't any hope of it," says Mr. Burnet, shaking his head regretfully.

"Come, come," says Eric, "if you knew how uncertain the view from the Black is, you would be grateful for what you have had

without fretting over what you can't get. We may as well go down, for we shall see nothing more."

With this ultimatum we are forced to be content; so, after a farewell to the cave, we ascend the peak to find the fog-like mist encompassing us on all sides. Even Craggy is shut off from our view; indeed, at a few yards distant every object becomes indistinct.

"We are wrapped in a cloud," says Sylvia, whom this fact partly consoles for the loss of the view.

"So we see—and feel," says Mrs. Cardigan, drawing a shawl around her, for the dampness of the cloud is exceedingly penetrating.

There is a general putting on of wraps; then we go down to the prairie, where Mr. Burnet and Harrison have the horses saddled and ready. We mount, and, with the cloud



THE DESCENT.

condensing moisture all around us, set our faces down the mountain.

"I believe," says Charley, addressing Sylvia, "that I have heard you express a wish to be lost in the mountains. Here is a golden opportunity for such an adventure. You have only to drop behind, to lose the path a little, and you will be lost in a wilderness where we might search for days and weeks without finding you."

"But how is one to drop behind when one is mounted on a mule that will not go anywhere but in front?" she asks, pulling with fruitless energy at the rein of her lively, irrepressible animal.

This descent of the mountain is not likely to be forgotten by any of us. Through the dark balsam-firs, past beds of exquisite moss and graceful ferns, we wind in single file, doing no more than keep in sight of the

figure immediately in front. All around is the dense, white cloud, the moisture of which, like fine rain on a winter day, washes our faces and covers our garments. I laugh when I turn and look at Eric, who is riding behind me. He has pulled his hat over his brows and his overcoat-collar up round his ears, but the ends of his long mustache are dripping with crystal drops, and himself and his steed looming gigantically large through the mist, which seems to possess a magnifying power. Now and then I catch a glimpse of the line of figures ahead, and they resemble a procession of muffled spectres more than the cavalcade which only yesterday set forth so "gayly bedight."

We do not leave the cloud until we have passed out of the region of the firs, and entered the fair green forest, in which we hear again the voices of the impetuous streams as they come rushing down the mountain-ravines. Here, to our surprise, we find half-cloudy sunlight, which grows brighter as we ride downward, until it is beaming on us with oppressive heat, as we dismount, tired and jaded, at the door of "Patton's."

THE MILL OF ST.-HERBOT.

A BRETON STORY.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID, AUTHOR OF
"PATTY," "MY STORY," ETC.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

JEAN MARIE.

IT was a very stormy afternoon. Although one of the last days of April, it seemed as if the equinoctial gales were in full fury, and that, if the storm of careering, whirling wind lasted much longer, the curious old chimneys of the farm-house of Braspart would be carried either into the lofty wood behind, or into the granite-strewn valley in front, where they would certainly dash themselves in pieces on the round, gray, time-honored stones of Huelgoat.

A tall, broad-shouldered man was making his way to the farm-house across the bit of half-waste, half-potato plot in front. Between this and the house itself was a yard covered with loose straw, just now blowing in all directions, where mud and long-legged, lean white pigs did not serve to keep it in place.

The house was bigger than many Breton dwellings, as there was a story above the great, ground-floor room, that served for sleeping, eating, and living in; but, like the rest of Huelgoat, it was built of granite like the cottage, and had small and few windows, and a thatched roof gray with weather-stains.

The tall man had to stoop to pass under the arched doorway, and he put his hand up to keep his broad-leaved, low-crowned black hat on his head, as he stepped into the passage which divided the chief sitting-room from a smaller one at the side of the house.

"One might as well be at sea," he said, with a frank, hearty laugh. "Wake up there, Jean Marie! I tell thee, the old chimneys are shaking in the wind. Rouse up, brother!"

He walked noisily across the uneven clay floor, his *sabots* jarring against the stones set every here and there, to a long bench in front of the open fireplace, and put his hand on Jean Marie's shoulder. The man had been sitting crouched in a heap before the blazing logs, but he rose at his brother's touch, and smiled up at him.

"Is it thou, Christophe?"

They would scarcely have been taken for brothers. Christophe was tall, straight, and stalwart, but he had a young, irresolute face, frank gray eyes with black lashes, and brown, closely-cut hair; judging by his smooth, round cheeks, one would have guessed him to be very young; he was, however, twenty-three, seven years younger than Jean Marie. Christophe was much handsomer than his brother, and much healthier-looking. Jean Marie was shorter by a head, and, though his broad shoulders and deep chest told of much strength, his dark-yellow skin and colorless lips made him look sickly.

But there was no weakness in Jean Marie's features; he wore his black hair so long that it spread over his shoulders and hung down over his face. Just now, through this, his deep-set black eyes seemed to glow with light under their straight, shaggy brows; his long, straight nose and stern, square jaw were full of determination, and, as he smiled now at his brother, his long, gleaming white teeth added to the savage character of his face.

His dress was like Christophe's—a long, yellow-brown jacket and dark trousers—but Christophe wore a knitted blue jersey in place of a shirt, while Jean Marie had a long, brown waistcoat trimmed with black velvet, and decorated with two closely-set rows of silver buttons. Both of them kept on their immense black hats, and both of them wore rusty-looking black gaiters, buttoned up to the knees with small metal buttons; but Christophe's gaiters looked as if they were worn to display a finely-developed calf, and Jean Marie's seemed intended to hide his thin legs, more like those of a grandfather than a man of thirty.

"Well?" he took his pipe out of his mouth and looked inquiringly at Christophe.

"Well" (a broad, genial smile lighted up Christophe's pleasant face), "I have decided, brother; I give up the fishery for this year at least, and take work with thee here."

Jean Marie stretched out his hand, and Christophe clapped his broad palm into his brother's small, sinewy grasp with a noise that might have been heard across the pig-yard.

Nothing more was said, but Jean Marie got up and went to an old oak table, which stood below the window. From a deep drawer in this he took two mugs and a tin can, and, filling the mugs with cider, he nodded to Christophe, and drank his mugful off at a draught.

Then he went and seated himself again in front of the fire.

"I wish I had not such a soft heart, Christophe."

He spoke over his shoulder, for his brother still stood at the table staring through the little window, sipping his cider with seem-

ingly little relish. At this, however, he drained his mug, set it down, and placed himself on the seat beside Jean Marie.

"Well," he laughed, "to say truth, except it be toward me, my good friend" (the young man's eyes looked as if tears were in them), "I should not have suspected thee of soft-heartedness, Jean Marie."

A curious smile, half-humorous, half-stern, curved the elder brother's straight, colorless lips.

"Thou art ungrateful, Christophe. For thy sake I am tempted to bid the widow Rusquec and her daughter to seek another home, and put thee in possession of the mill of the cascades."

Christophe looked confused, he hung his head sheepishly; but Jean Marie's gaze had gone back to the fire, and he seemed to address his next words to the blazing logs.

"So long as Mathurin works for the widow Rusquec, things go on pretty much as usual, but not as they would if thou hadst the mill, Christophe, and Mathurin would be glad enough to take service under thee; thou wert always his favorite."

"Poor old Mathurin! I remember the grief it was to him when I would go to sea."

"If thou hadst staid at home, thy father would have taken back the mill when old Rusquec died; he always said he meant the farm for me and the mill for thee."

Christophe sighed.

"And if he had taken back the mill, he would have ruined it as he ruined the farm. Mad! brother, but thou must have worked hard to give the place its old look again."

Jean Marie looked proudly round the great room. Over his head were open rafters, and depending from them a wooden platform laden with skins of lard, sides of bacon, fagots of herbs, and in one corner a pile of tough-looking *crêpes*. Facing the windows stood two tall, dark, carved-oak presses, and on each side the fireplace were box-bedsteads, fixed high against the wall, the frames and doors richly carved and ornamented. Beneath these, on each side, was a long, carved-oak chest—the mattresses on the beds being piled to a great height, it would have been impossible to get into them without the help of the chests. There were two other bedsteads against the opposite wall. Over the chimney-breast hung a long, dark double-barreled gun. A collector would have gloated over the carving on the bed-panels and on the chests, and longed to possess them, but Jean Marie set great store by these family possessions. His father had ruined himself and his land by drinking. In his drunken fits he had been cheated and plundered to a large amount, and when he died it was found that the house and furniture were all he had to leave; the land had been so neglected that it would take some years to reclaim. His widow, a second wife, much younger than himself, demanded her portion imperiously. She even proposed to Jean Marie to sell the old furniture which had been in the family for generations. Jean Marie had no one to consult or study; he stood alone in the world.

Christophe had gone away to sea years

ago, and the young fellow, who, until his father died, had been kept in entire subjection, resolved to wipe off the disgrace which his father had brought on the family. He refused to sell as much as a chair, but he went to see the owner of the old château near the mill, and got him to advance money on the pieces of old furniture, with the understanding that, if Jean Marie had not redeemed them in five years, they would become the property of the old *virtuoso*, to decorate his dilapidated rooms with such relics, but, before the stipulated time, interest and principal had been duly paid.

When Jean Marie had paid off his step-mother's claims, he found himself penniless, but he set to work to reclaim the land his father had neglected. And when, a few months ago, Christophe grew tired of the hard life of a fisherman on the west coast and came home to Huelgoat, he found a great change for the better in the old place—the crops were larger, the land thoroughly cultivated, and Jean Marie seemingly far better off than ever their father had been. Literally, when the father died there had been no inheritance for the sons. If Jean Marie had not worked early and late for years he might have starved, for he gave up all the money he could raise to satisfy and silence his greedy, exacting step-mother. When he had worked his way up again, he wrote to Christophe: "Come home now, brother, when you please," the letter said, "there will always be a home for you while I live in the old farm-house at Braspart."

Jean Marie looked round him now; his eyes turned to his brother. "I am glad thou hast settled to stay; it has never been the same home since our mother was taken, Christophe. Well, she was taken from the evil to come; if she had lived, Mathurin would have been here now, instead of taking service at the mill." He stopped to light a fresh pipe with a glowing bit of a log. He stood silent for some time. Christophe had also lighted his pipe. It very rarely happened that the elder brother talked as much as he had talked this afternoon. He seldom drank anything but milk or water—his father's bad example, and the stern self-denial his resolution had imposed on his habits, had kept him much more sober than most men of his age. Christophe, naturally of a gayer temperament, drank much more freely than Jean Marie did, and despised the thin cider which his brother looked on as a treat, and which had given him unusual eloquence this afternoon.

"The widow Rusquec must have had some man to help her," Christophe said, when the pause had lasted nearly ten minutes; "if my father quarreled with Mathurin, it was better that he should go."

All at once, Jean Marie smiled—the smile broadened till his white teeth gleamed between the dusky lips.

"I have it, Christophe—thou canst be the miller if thou wilt, and that without turning Widow Rusquec adrift. There is Louise, dost thou remember her? I have not seen her for some time, but she must be a grown woman now. Well, what dost thou say? She was a pretty child—" He clapped Chris-

tophe on the back and laughed. The young man grew red and looked shy and vexed.

"I marry a wife? No, I thank thee."

At this, Jean Marie laughed again.

"I am but joking; thou art too young, my boy, to think of marriage. Women are incumbrances where they are not needed, and they are not needed here while we have Jeanne."

"Ah, Jeanne! Where is she?" Christophe started up abruptly. "She promised me some knit-stockings. I must go find her."

He went out and looked into the room across the passage. Jean Marie looked after him and smiled grimly.

"I have frightened the lad by hinting at marriage. No—we want no wives here. But I may as well see Mother Rusquec and find out what her views are; it is possible she may be tired of keeping on the mill. Mathurin grows old, and it is a lonely spot for two women to live in."

CHAPTER II.

AN ARGUMENT.

THE village of St.-Herbot is about four miles from Huelgoat, but the mill of Rusquec lies high above the solitary gray old church, and stands at the beginning of the cascades. In summer-time the cascades are comparatively quiet. One hears their roar as one mounts through the thick, steep wood which overhangs the road, but it is subdued, not like the awful thunder that in winter or spring time seems to make the old stones rock and the tree-trunks vibrate, as the torrent, swollen by the mountain-floods, falls about two hundred feet, and then rushes tumultuously along the rocky river-bed for nearly six hundred feet farther. And what rocks! huge boulders of granite—yet mere playthings in the hands of the giant Gueford who flung them, so tradition says, into the river-bed in order to clear the ground of his friend, a Druid, who dwelt on the hill which overhangs the torrent.

The ground all round the mill is strewn with these rocky fragments, and it is a hard matter to get space for even a cabbage-garden—that necessity of a Breton household. The cottage belonging to the mill is so perched among the rocks that it is a wonder it has not been carried away when the torrent which sweeps so close by has been more swollen than usual. The house is a miniature of the Braspart farm-house, except that one steps at once into the family-room; there is no entrance-passage, and the sweet breath of the cows comes through an arched opening on one side; cocks and hens come in and out through this opening in search of stray crumbs, which Louise or her mother may have let fall from their supper.

There is no table spread for this meal. The old woman, in her black gown and white-muslin cap, the long lappets of which are pinned behind her head, sits on one side of the open fireplace with a small bowl on her knees; Louise sits opposite; she is dressed like her mother, except that she wears green-

ish blue instead of black, and that the broad ends of her cap reach nearly to her waist. She has a keen appetite, for, while her mother plays with her wooden spoon and looks curiously into the fire, the girl goes on swallowing spoonful after spoonful of the *crêpe* and sour buttermilk, which makes her supper.

A much larger red bowl, filled with the same uninvitingness, is on the long oak table that stands across the room between the front-door and the back-window. The only light from the front of the house comes through the open half of the entrance-door.

"Mathurin is late for his supper." She looked at the bowl on the table. "He will be hungry, poor old man. Hast thou anything in the pot, mother, to warm him this cold, windy evening?"

"Thou art a spendthrift, Louise." Madame Rusquec's heavy, severe face did not soften even when she looked at her pretty daughter. "Meat costs too dear to eat every day, and Mathurin had *ragout* at dinner-time."

"Well, mother, thou knowest best, and the money is thine, but it seems to me that men need meat more than we women do—they have more need of strength."

Madame Rusquec shook her head and drew down her long upper lip.

"Ah, mon Dieu, but thou hast yet to begin life, Louise. Mathurin works fairly, but then he is a paid servant. If Mathurin were my husband, would he take so large a share of labor? No, no. Wait, child, wait. I am not vexed with thee"—this because she saw tears in the bright blue eyes—"thou canst not have the knowledge-without the sorrow, and I would keep thee from sorrow as long as I can."

The pretty, round, childish face still worked nervously. The girl sat thinking for some time before she spoke:

"Mother, if husbands make their wives work so hard, why do women marry?"

Mère Rusquec raised her head, which had sunk upon her breast, and looked sharply at her daughter.

"Child, there are many reasons. They marry to live; for, though a girl may have a portion, there may not be enough to keep her for life, and, if she is to work, she may as well work for two as for one. Then they marry for company—it is dull to be always alone, and there are the children at home, if the husband stay abroad. Bah!" she ended, impatiently, "a girl marries because she is asked. She knows it is what she is made for, and when God sends her a husband she takes him."

Louise smiled as she listened. She said to herself: "Perhaps all husbands are not tyrants. If a bachelor sends to ask for me, I will marry him if he is handsome, and if he will take me to all the fairs of the neighborhood. Yes, yes! I will marry.—Mother, didst thou take the first bachelor who asked for thee?"

Madame Rusquec's heavy, straight eyebrows knit together, and her thick lips pouted and opened inquiringly, showing two long front teeth.

"Idle questions are not good for thee nor for me. I took the man I liked, and he was

thy father, Louise. No need to trouble thy little head by asking questions."

She got up and drew a quaint old spinning-wheel close to the half-open door, and was soon plying her distaff, and filling the cottage with the whirr of the wheel.

Louise was not so active-minded as her mother. She washed up the red bowls, and set them on one of a row of black shelves, and the spoons in a curious rack just below. Then she went and looked out of the back-window.

"Mother," she called out presently, "why has not any bachelor asked for me?"

The whirr of the wheel suddenly ceased, and Madame Rusquec's thread snapped.

"Holy Virgin!" she muttered, "the child is a fool, though she is so pretty.—Thou art spoiled, Louise," she went on, "and Mathurin says it is my fault. He says, if I gave thee more to do, instead of doing all myself, thou wouldst have less time for talking, and thou wouldst have something more useful to think of than a bachelor."

"Then why dost thou spoil me, mother dear?" She came across to her mother, and looked down in her face, putting one plump, pink hand on the old woman's shoulder.

"Thou art set on asking questions, child. Who can always give reasons for what they do? It may be because I know that this is thy holiday-time. I wish thee to enjoy it, and I see all thou thinkest of is how to shorten it by taking a husband."

Louise kissed the brown, puckered forehead, but she pouted, and her fair face looked sad. She was very pretty, like a pink-and-white sweet-pea, or a bunch of honeysuckle nearly opened. Her fair hair scarcely showed on her forehead, but through her clean muslin cap it was easy to see golden, silky coils rolled round and round her head, leaving the little delicate ears visible.

A deeper tinge of color flamed up into her cheek when she spoke again:

"But, mother, I may be lucky. All men are not alike—perhaps my husband will not expect me to work hard."

"There, there, silly child, have done! Go and look for Mathurin. Perhaps the stones in the cascade will change themselves into loaves of bread, and feed the beggars; perhaps wheat may grow among the bowlders; there is no end to 'perhaps,' Louise—it is the largest word that was ever spelled with seven letters."

She fastened her thread together, and whir, whir went the wheel again.

Louise had gone back to the window, but this time she did not look out. Instead, she gazed earnestly at the tall, broad-shouldered woman stooping over the spinning-wheel as the thread slipped a little.

"It is all very well," she thought—a bright, saucy look came on her face. "Mother was a fine woman, no doubt, but she never could have been so pretty as I am. I get my looks from father. Mother has fine, dark eyes still, but they are so sunk in her head, and she must always have had a sallow skin. Ah, I shall have a better chance than she had. It must be so sad not to be pretty!"

She gave her mother a compassionate glance, and looked out of the window again.

There was not much to be seen, beyond the early green of the trees, for the wood began here and stretched downward over the whole breadth of the lofty hill until it ended in the valley of St.-Herbot.

The trees wore the exquisite clothing which no autumn tints can rival in tenderness of color, though they may surpass it in richness; and among the lovely green and gray and yellow of beech and ash and sycamore, the oak showed as yet only a russet bronze, which looked gilded in the strange, weird light of the setting sun.

"Here he is—here is Mathurin!" Louise clapped her hands, and went out to meet the old servant.

He moved with long strides through the trees, bent with age, as well as with the large package strapped on his back. His long, white hair streamed from under his broad-brimmed hat—one lock fell over his wrinkled face, and he pushed it aside as he saw Louise springing over the stones to meet him.

"Give me your cudgel, old man," she said, gayly, "and tell me some news. Ah, I wish I were you, Mathurin; then I would find a reason for going to Huelgoat twice a week at least."

Mathurin smiled grimly; he stopped and drew a long breath as the girl pulled his heavy *pembas* out of his hands. "If I had your legs I might like it also. Mad! but I should like to see you climb the wood with this burden on your back."

"Tell me some news—quick, quick!" She looked toward the cottage, as if to signify that she wished to hear the news out of her mother's presence.

"News? There is little; the widow Coatpec has lost a cow, and is angry. She says she laid a whole tuft of the cow's tail on the saint's tomb, and that he ought to have spared her. It seems as if St.-Herbot had been asleep, for Pierre Kerest's pigs are dying of measles, and every one knows how pious a man is Pierre Kerest."

Louise looked quite unmoved; there was not even a smile on her lips as she walked beside Mathurin. "Yes, yes; but is there no news about people as well as about cows and pigs?"

A cynical smile came on Mathurin's long, thin face. "Cows and pigs are of more worth than many people; but, in truth, there is no other news. Stay!"—he had paused to think—"Christophe Mao has come home—the young brother of the farmer of Braspart. Dost thou remember him?"

"No." Louise's eyes sparkled at this mention of a new bachelor. "I have seen Jean Marie Mao, but it is years ago. He must be ever so old now. You say this brother is younger?"

Mathurin frowned. "Jean Marie Mao is not old, and Christophe is but a full-grown boy. I ought to know, for I was at his birth. He is come home from the sea-fishing but lately, and the news is that he tells me he is not going back. He is going to stay on at Huelgoat, and to work for Jean Marie."

Louise felt full of sudden delight. She rarely went to Huelgoat, but she knew the names of its inhabitants; and since she was

a child, although children were born and people died, marriages had been rare at Huelgoat, and no new inhabitants had come into its secluded, monotonous life.

They were close to the cottage now; there was a flow of excitement in the girl's eyes as she put her hand on Mathurin's arm.

"Stop a minute, till you have told me what Christophe Mao is like."

But Mathurin was tired out. "Like! why, like a man, to be sure." He pushed past her without the slightest deference, and went into the cottage.

"Like a man," thought Louise; "just now he said he was a full-grown boy."

A JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

I.

ABOUT the middle of last summer, my solitude was enlivened by a visit from my young friend MacMery, who had just received the parting blessing of his American *alma mater*, and now proposed, with M. Verne, to see the planet in eighty days, more or less. After dinner, as we sat with our pipes and a jug of hot Scotch in the study, the subject of travel was broached, and I remarked that most travelers missed the main fascination of wandering, by always knowing their destination, and categorically informing themselves as to the historic, ethic, aesthetic, and other merits of everything they saw. Nothing of real value could be learned or enjoyed under such restrictions. It would be delightful to visit things and men without further knowledge concerning them than might be furnished by our own immediate eye-and-ear testimony. But we persisted in lugging about on our shoulders the stale burden of every traveler since Herodotus, clapping on our noses their dusty and distorted spectacles, and breathing the stifling atmosphere of their impure comment and reflection. No escaping this; and now we were finding out so much about the physical peculiarities of the moon, Saturn, and Jupiter, that, by the time our balloons were ready to convey us to these new fields, Murray would have his guide-books ready, and Cook his plans for a round trip. Nor was this all: people were getting so curious nowadays on the subject of heaven, that presently *Hamlet's* phrase would be inapplicable to that also; death would lose its solitary charm of novelty, and then—Heaven help us!

MacMery laughed with his usual wholesome good-humor, and declared that my sedentary life was making me infernally morbid. "Besides," added he, "what are you making such a fuss about? The things exist, the same as if nobody had ever seen them or talked about them. Throw away your Murray, let some other fellow buy your tickets, and why mightn't you remain in as profound ignorance of your whereabouts as the babe unborn?"

"Your unpractical theory," said I, "is no answer to my facts."

"I'll tell you what," said MacMery, after

a thoughtful pause, "I'm going somewhere to-morrow evening. Come with me!"

"Impossible. I have a family and an occupation. Where are you going?"

"That's what you're not to know. Come with me—small portmanteau—be gone a week or so—and never know where you've been to! Leave your watch and your almanac at home. Ask no questions about what you see, and always be ready to shut your eyes when I give the word. Come on!"

"This is a world of facts, MacMery; you enthusiastic young graduates must needs make fairy-land out of it. Illusions are pretty, but one outgrows them."

MacMery emptied his glass and set it down with emphasis.

"There never was a fellow more in love with illusions than you are," said he. "You can talk as much as you please, but I am the practical man. Just put the reins in my hands, stick your own in your pockets, and see what I'll do with you. Come on!"

"There are family obstacles which you can't understand—"

"I thought you'd come to that!" exclaimed my friend, exultingly. Look here—I was talking to Mrs. Hedgley this afternoon, and she said she was going to take the children to the seaside at once, but was at a loss how to get rid of you. I offered to be responsible for you for a week or more, and I assure you she jumped at the idea! I never saw her look more pleased and grateful. Will you come now?"

"Another glass of punch," said I, "and we'll talk it over."

We talked and sipped accordingly, and crowned each other with countless transient smoke-wreaths. By-and-by the lamp burned low; we opened the front-door and finished our last pipe upon the porch, a delicate dawn paling the eastern sky. At last I had to say:

"MacMery, if you want a nap before breakfast, you'd better turn in now."

"All right, old fellow; what early hours you married men keep!" was his ingenuous reply. "Remember, now—you dine at my hotel to-morrow at six sharp; we get into a cab at eight; and that's the last you'll know of yourself. Your hand a covenant!" We shook hands with mutual good-will, and the music of chancicleer soon afterward lulled us to repose.

II.

THE next morning dawned warm and bright, though the late heavy rains prevented dust. MacMery was off immediately after breakfast; I was to follow at five in the afternoon. Being ignorant into what latitudes our journey might take us, I encumbered myself with a substantial overcoat and winter flannels; wearing the latter, not to overcrowd my portmanteau, and carrying the former on my arm. As it turned out, our destination was warmer than our starting-point; and I was therefore uncomfortably hot all the time. There is perhaps nothing so apt to cause inconvenience as the precautions taken against it; and I have always admired—though lacking nerve to act up to it—the philosophy of the sailor who maintained that

"A light heart and a thin pair of breeches"

were the best garb to tackle creation in. Shakespeare's "jovial heart" is not so good as this; there is something inspiring about those thin breeches!

This same philosophic defect of character begot me more than one annoyance during my ride to London. From a foolish notion that no company could be so desirable as my own, I was careful, at starting, to select an empty compartment. Had it been a through-train, well; but it stopped at every station, obliging me to thrust my head out of window and glare forbiddingly at whomsoever approached my door. The suspense of these frequent stoppages was not half counterbalanced by the brief thrills of triumph at escaping uninvaded. Again, I knew I must change somewhere; and, not to be hurried at the last moment, I sat hatted, overcoat on arm, portmanteau propped up on opposite seat, and umbrella between my knees, all the latter half of the way. I abhor loose ends, and like to feel, when I move, that my appurtenances move with me; but the changing-place turned out to be much farther off than I had supposed, and I was too hot and uncomfortable when I arrived to enjoy my prompt alighting.

Furthermore, I had brought a book to read on the way; wavering between a volume of Thackeray miscellanies, and Heine's "Reisebilder," and finally deciding upon the latter. Now, for a mild October afternoon, in a secluded library, a gleam of sunshine falling pensively through the boughs of the tree before the window and quietly illuminating the imagination, no companion can charm better than this book, whose poetico-cynical humor creeps into the heart, and moves it to visionary tears and laughter. But the rattle, jar, change, and excitement of a railway exasperate the mind out of all power to appreciate such subtle pages as Heine's. Moreover, the motion of the train confused the German text; and if I were fortunate enough occasionally to catch the opening aroma of a paragraph, it got jumbled into emptiness half-way through. Straightforward, masculine Thackeray, in English type, would have been far better.

The truth is, however, that efforts to beguile the tedium of travel are a mistake. The mind should be given up—as the eye must be—to the rush of fleeting impressions: attempts to abstract or concentrate the thoughts are a waste of energy. Far down—on the horizon, as it were, of contemplation—may arise some picturesque vision, too remote to join in the near scramble or to be affected by it, whereon the inward gaze rests the more fully for its blindness to the hurry of trivial particulars.

Travel, with me, means change of state even more than of place; otherwise, I should follow Mr. Emerson's advice, and stay at home. I leave behind me not only my household gods, but also all orderly observance of their rites: eat and sleep at wrong times; talk, think, and act, in new ways; and am literally beside myself. But this is no excuse for downright folly, and such it certainly was to smoke a rank cigar just before dinner, on the plea that I was traveling. I lit it as the train left our station, and stuck

to it, pretending I liked it, for twenty minutes. The consequence was, that I sat down to my friend's charming little feast with a palate somewhat out of tune. However, he prepared me a masterly glass of sherry biters, and, at dessert, a wonderful cordial of six different-colored liquors, in layers a quarter of an inch deep, one upon another; the best cordial, with half a dozen successive flavors, that man ever drank. Refreshed, we grasped portmanteaus, and after a short cabbage (as MacMery called it) found ourselves in a huge railway-station.

III.

WE went to the railway bookstall, and my friend bought *Punch*. He has a natural affinity for jovial literature, retaining the cream of it in his memory, and liking the same so well as to make it taste three times better than it is. Old numbers of various comic journals occur in sequestered pockets of his last year's overcoats. My own acquaintance with Mr. Punch being intimate and of long standing, I used to try (by way of experiment merely) to pass off stray utterances of that philosopher as if they were mine. But MacMery always found me out on the spot; so now I go on the other tack, and when I chance to feel the strivings within me of a really original witticism, I preface its birth by carelessly remarking, "You recollect that thing in *Punch*—?" and proceed as though making a quotation. I have once or twice entrapped my friend by this stratagem, but I do not know what Mr. Punch might say to it.

We bought a *Punch*, and found in it a picture by Keene, which afforded us huge satisfaction for many a day thereafter. "Contong?" exclaims one of a pair of jolly old scapegraces to the polite inquiry of the landlord as to whether everything is to their satisfaction (as well it might be, considering the appearance of the festive board, and the train of attendants with new dishes filing into the saloon).—"Je vous crois, mon garçon!" The wives and families of these elderly villains, having dispatched them to the Continent to engage quiet lodgings for them, must ere this be wondering why they receive no news. Oh, if they could but look in upon them at this moment, "living at the rate of at least five thousand pounds a year!" MacMery seemed to think that there was, or might be, some distant similarity between our own plight and that of these reprobates; and then "Contong?" became a sort of watchword between us. Wonderful were the varieties of meaning wherewith, by inflection of voice and glance, we learned to invest that little word!

We took our seats in a railway-carriage; and I believed the guard was feed to keep it inviolate, which, however, he failed to do. But we were alone long enough to choose the most convenient seats, and to get settled in them with our cigars and newspapers.

MacMery then remarked that he wished the old stage-coaches were alive again. But I take a sentimental interest in railway-trains. Passing the length of one of them, and glancing in at the windows, I traverse in a few moments the whole range of society. Re-

markable is the effect upon the mind of those three words—FIRST, SECOND, THIRD—as inscribed on the carriage-doors. They are concise pictures of the several degrees of life which they indicate. FIRST is a personable, well-dressed, high-bred word, all velvet, cushions, seclusion, and blue blood. How inelegant and lustreless a combination of letters is SECOND, with its rusty garments, illiberal employments, and abandoned attitudes! And what an ill-odored, shirt-sleeved, hob-nailed, dowdy, illiterate vocable is THIRD! and how humble we feel in opening its door and mounting its awkward steps! "Such, MacMery, are the cobwebs that catch mankind!"

"I like first class," he answered, "because there's more leg-room in it than in the others. But American cars are better, where you can turn the seat over. This dividing up into classes is unprogressive—the spirit of the age is against it. If I were a British workman, I'd sacrifice beer and tobacco for the sake of riding first-class, and showing the aristocrats how flimsy a contrivance rank is. The English are heathen Hindoos, whose only religion is Caste."

At this point the door opened, and two or three Hindoos got into the carriage. One was an immensely tall man, very attenuated, and wearing, as seems to be the invariable habit of tall, thin men, a stove-pipe hat. Another was a curly-headed, hook-nosed, intrusive man, in a green-check cap; and the third was a gruff, saturnine man, with a bristly mustache and a wide-awake. By the time these persons had stowed away their bundles, bags, and valises, and taken their places, the train was in motion—we were steaming toward the Unknown! The tall man, having exchanged his stove-pipe for a shiny, black-silk cap, asked, in a timid tone, and without addressing himself to any one in particular, at what hour we might be expected to arrive.

After a short silence MacMery took upon himself to answer:

"At ten minutes before ten."

"I fancy you're wrong there," interposed the curly-headed man in the green-check cap; "ten ten is the hour."

"It is one or the other," rejoined MacMery, grimly.

Hereupon the green check, with a brusque gesture, pulled out a time-table, and began to study it intently. We soon forgot him, and gazed out at the slowly-darkening prospect—green fields, green hedges, green trees, adjoining and succeeding one another without end: an endlessness of flat lands, green grass, and clustering leaves. It was a warm, still evening, and the smoke from the cottage chimneys ascended straight heavenward.

"We shall have a smooth passage, thank goodness," observed my companion.

"We are going by sea, then?" I exclaimed, with an air of quick penetration.

"One can't go anywhere in England; it's only large enough to make a start from, so you can learn nothing from that," he replied, not disconcerted. "The only thing that bothers me about you is the languages. If you hear the people in the streets talking Icelandic or Arabic, there's no telling what conclusions you might draw."

"Don't let that trouble you," was my reassuring answer. "To the philosopher all languages are one in essence. If I happen to understand them, I shall note the meaning but ignore the form; if I do not understand—"

"You were right, sir, and I was wrong," affirmed the green-check man, interrupting me to address my companion. "You were right, sir, and I was wrong," he repeated, with an air of manly frankness, folding up his time-table and replacing it in his pocket; "we do arrive at ten minutes before ten, instead of at ten minutes past, as I had inadvertently allowed myself to suppose. You were right, sir, and I was wrong."

"That arises merely from our having taken different views," explained MacMery, with an ingenuous smile. "If we'd only happened to hit upon the same hour, we might both have been right. And, at any rate, you know, it was your hour that was wrong, not you."

While the green check was trying to unravel the entanglements of this speech, the gruff man in the wide-awake and mustache bestirred himself and grumbled out, "Of course it was ten minutes before ten—I could have told you that." And the tall, thin man, smiling amiably upon us all, said, feebly: "I'm much obliged to you, gentlemen, I'm sure—no idea of putting you to so much trouble."

This was the nearest approach to general conversation that we had; and, after all, we arrived at half-past nine, and so everybody turned out to be mistaken, but the gruff man, in my opinion, most of all.

IV.

It was quite dark, but, peeping through the carriage-window, I could discern the masts of some kind of vessel rising through the gloom, only a few yards distant. I already experienced the charm of not knowing where I was, and wondered whether these masts were to propel me still farther toward the indefinite. I very soon found myself descending a slanting board, MacMery in front, with the tickets; and anon we were slipping across a dark, damp deck, and plunging through a companion-way into a lighted cabin, with berths along the sides, and a table, running lengthwise, bearing rounds of beef and legs of ham.

Our three companions of travel were there before us, and the gruff man was in high dispute with the steward, who pointed to a scrap of paper pinned to a bolster, and protested that the place was taken.

"First come first served" is my motto," growled the gruff man, seating himself doggedly on the bolster and looking around. "If anybody thinks he has a better right to this berth than I have, let him step up and say so."

"Be good enough to get off my bolster and take that soiled portmanteau off my mattress.—Steward, I am Mr. MacMery, and these are the two berths I telegraphed you to reserve for me. 'First come first served' is my motto. Here's a shilling for you. Now, Hedgley, take your choice.—Come, sir," he added, to the gruff man, "you will look better at a distance."

We both of us put on a truculent and energetic expression, and the end of it was that the gruff man had to yield. The turn of affairs, however, had taken me quite as much by surprise as it had him, and it was not until after I had examined the scrap of paper, and seen "MacMery" written on it, that my conscience felt at ease. I had known that MacMery was, upon occasion, capable of dauntless effrontery, but I had not given him sufficient credit for forethought and enterprise. I put confidence in him from this time forth, and prospered. He had reached a hand and voice through space and time, making an old acquaintance, as it were, of a steward of whose very existence he had known nothing, and protecting against invasion a piece of property no less hypothetical than the steward. The gruff man, or anybody else, might have used the telegraph to as good purpose as did MacMery; but it needs a mind at once practical, imaginative, and energetic, to think of doing such things.

Ham, beef, and beer, followed by a glass apiece of brandy-and-water, seemed the necessity of the hour; and then we went on deck to smoke cheroots. The steamer was already under way; it was dark, the sky being overspread with a thin scum of cloud, and moonless. The sea was smooth; we were just leaving the mouth either of a deep harbor or of a river. Far astern red points of light showed through the gloom, fiery outposts of the invisible land. We found a seat on some tarpaulin-covered boats near the engines, and gave unconscious ear to the comfortable tune of the latter while gazing forward over the unknown vast of waters: "Tum-titty-tum! tum-titty-tum!" over majestic depths of lonely seas. There was something incongruous about it, or would have been, were man always capable of surrendering himself wholly to any single mood or emotion: but human nature is complex; and when, in the course of our talk, I said that steamboats spoiled the romance and grandeur of ocean-traveling, and MacMery replied that romance and grandeur, with nothing commonplace or humorous to back them, were a bore, I felt that he spoke nearest the truth. In moments of exaltation, the commonplace and humorous may be forgotten; but they are still the foothold whence we spring upward; and it were a sad business if after a while the attraction of gravity did not bring us down again to their earthly level.

The smoothness of the water was so remarkable that I needed no assurance from MacMery to convince me that we could not be upon the English Channel, and consequently that France could not be our destination. How long, therefore, was our voyage to continue? Perhaps we were bound for the East, by way of the Suez Canal, or maybe for Polynesia and the South Seas! On such a warm, liquid, mysterious night, anything seemed possible, and any such thing delightful. Onward let us sail over far-extending leagues of slumberous waves, till palms and temples rise fair above the horizon-line, and through the coral portals of some tropic harbor we proudly sweep, to the tune of "Tum-titty-tum! tum-titty-tum!"

We tossed our cigar-ends overboard, and returned to the cabin, where most of our fellow-passengers had already turned in. MacMery now informed me that he was going to administer me a sleeping-potion, the effect of which would be to keep me in an unconscious state throughout the voyage, and thus do away with the possibility of my guessing either its extent or direction. I objected that I enjoyed being at sea, and that, if we were really to be out several days, I should be willing to risk detecting my whereabouts for the sake of getting full benefit of the salt-water. But MacMery was resolute; and, on his agreeing to rouse me as soon as we sighted port, and to permit me to be awake as much as I pleased on the home-voyage, I reluctantly consented to swallow the draught. He mixed it, for appearance's sake, in an ordinary brandy-and-soda tumbler. I quaffed it, bade him farewell, and lay down at once. It was by no means an unpalatable philter, and I even fancied a something half familiar in its flavor.

I did not immediately lose consciousness, being kept awake by no less a person than our gruff man, who seemed to have all at once developed a distressing cold in the head. He cleared his throat most resoundingly twice or thrice each minute, and breathing through his nose was attended with noises too grisly for description. Had he purposed taking revenge on the whole cabin for having been forced to relinquish his chosen berth, he could scarcely have hit upon a more effectual expedient. There was a general restlessness and discontent on all sides; and the last thing I remember is MacMery's raising himself on his elbow and calling out:

"Steward, give you a shilling to blow that man's nose, and half a crown to put his whole head under an air-pump!"

V.

FLOATING on invisible pinions through immensities of the stellar universe, I looked toward the east, and methought the myriad solar systems lying in that direction suddenly wavered in their orbits, and as if swept by a hurricane, were dashed irresistibly against one another. The ineffable sublimity of the spectacle cast out fear, and, poisoning myself in mid-nothingness, I waited in awful expectation for the sound of their far concussion to reach my ears. Onward it came, a universal thunder-peal, leaping and palpitating toward me across immeasurable abysses of shuddering space, wide as eternity, and deep as the fall of Lucifer. Onward—a faint inward whisper preceding it—but I knew that with the crash must come annihilation. Now all was dark; a maze of sudden lightnings cleft the black vault; involuntarily I closed my eyes and bowed my astounded head; the harsh shriek of maddening winds, the roar of bursting worlds, the ultimate explosion of foredoomed creation—pop!

I unclosed my fearful eyes. MacMery stood beside me with a fizzing soda-water bottle in his right hand, and a glass with brandy in it in the other.

"Good-morning, old Rip Van Winkle," was his cheerful greeting; "I thought that cork would fetch you. Here, take that, and

then tumble up on deck. We're in sight of land!"

As he spoke, he poured the soda-water on the brandy, and held the foaming mixture toward me. My emotions at the moment being of the ineffable sort, I took, drank, and sat up on my bed with a sigh. "How many days—" I began, and paused to yawn.

"A remarkably quick run," said MacMery, briskly. "We crossed the line day before yest—idiot that I am! I have revealed it."

"Oh, don't mention it!" I said, still somewhat dazed. "So long as we keep out of infinite space, I don't so much mind. I am awfully hungry."

"No wonder—I should be surprised if you weren't. But it's only 4 A. M., and we shall have to breakfast on shore. Come up and take a look."

I made a hasty toilet, clapped my hat on my head, and a cheroot in my mouth, and was ready.

"It is very odd," I remarked, as I followed him on deck, "but, notwithstanding all these days' unconsciousness, I still feel as though I hadn't had half my usual allowance of sleep."

"A good breakfast will set you right," was his rejoinder. "Well, here we are."

"So this is El Dorado?" I murmured. "It has an unassuming look—no palms and no temples."

In truth, the coast was not imposing from this point of view; yet neither was it uninviting, and the very fact of its non-committalism gave imagination wider scope. The sun had just risen on a clear sky and broad, immaculate sea, and his rays smote long ramparts of pallid cliffs and glistening beach, edged with white surf, and capped with verdure. Directly ahead clustered the spires and gables of an antique town; and far beyond undulated a dim promise of hills, across which, perchance, lay remote our farther goal. As I looked my spirits rallied, and I began to realize that at last I was truly on the threshold of an unknown world. I knew what the legendary Spanish adventurers may have felt, what time the Western ocean, after weary months of labor, brought forth to their glad eyes the continent of their prophetic dreams.

The steward, whom MacMery's largesses had brought to a condition of enthusiastic considerateness, here appeared at our elbow, and respectfully told us that he'd made us a cup of coffee, just to get us snug ashore on. It was a happy thought; and either the coffee was excellent, or the health-giving air of El Dorado made it taste so. Meanwhile, the still-obliging steward got all our slender luggage into his single grasp, and, bidding us follow him, led us once more on deck just as our vessel glided deftly to her wharf, and was made fast there with a couple of huge hawsers.

"Are there El Doradoan custom-houses, Mac?" I inquired.

"Not for you and me," he answered. "I shall whisper something to the officer, that will make it all right. Come on."

We got ashore, our three more particular companions of travel just ahead of us, and our immediate rear brought up by two starched, staid, unapproachable, voiceless, waxwork apparitions of Sisters of Charity; who, I may

here observe, haunted us throughout our journey, turning up in unexpected places, and at incongruous times, like a brace of animated *Memento-Moris*. From the wharf we proceeded, in single file, to a long, low building, and paused at a sort of wicket-gate or turnstile. Here stood a tall, keen, aquiline gentleman, with black eyes observant beneath a glazed official cap; he asked our three unlucky precursors some sharp question, whose purport I failed to catch, and, on receiving their answer, motioned them toward the left.

"They are goats," said MacMery, in my ear; "here goes for a pair of sheep."

With that my friend stepped up to the aquiline gentleman and uttered a single word. What it was I am unable to say, but as nearly as I could judge it was formed upon a Spanish root, although distinguished from that language by a rather peculiar termination. However this may have been, the effect it produced was most gratifying. The aquiline features softened in a grave smile, and, with a courteous gesture, he indicated a door on the right. Passing through it, we found ourselves not in a room for the examination of luggage, but in a spacious dining-saloon, with three or four black-coated waiters hastening up with flying napkins to take our orders, and a very pretty bar-maid smiling merrily at us from behind the buffet. Such was our experience of an El Doradoan custom-house. But what is this mystery? What—what could have been the shibboleth that so marvelously smoothed and expedited our way?

GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

I.

THE JOURNEY TO ROME.

IN the autumn of 1836 a sailing packet-ship called the *Roscus* left New York for Liverpool, having on board, among other passengers, a young American artist bound on a pilgrimage to Rome, that Mecca of art at whose shrine to worship is the dream and hope of every juvenile aspirant who strives for success in his alluring vocation. A number of personal friends interested in his career had furnished him with the necessary means for pursuing his studies in Italy, a proceeding then deemed indispensable to the highest attainments in painting and sculpture.

In the manner and according to the custom of all young travelers on visiting the Continent for the first time, he kept a journal or diary, which, like most journals, had a great deal to say about bodily comforts and discomforts, personal experiences, and first impressions, of no interest to any one except himself; he will, therefore, open his journal at a later period, and, to place himself *à l'aise* with the reader, will hereafter use the pronoun of the first person in relating the adventures, anecdotes, and experiences, recorded in his journal.

It was on a beautiful morning in the month of October, shortly after my arrival in

London, that I visited Petworth, the country-seat of the Earl of Egremont, about forty-nine miles from the city. It is charmingly situated on a gently-undulating ground overlooking a branch of the river Arun, and surrounded by trees of noble growth. The park is twelve miles in circumference, well stocked with deer, and has many beautiful drives, artificial lakes, and groves of native and foreign trees, laid out with consummate skill and taste. The mansion was built by the proud Duke of Somerset, and contains a very large and valuable library and one of the finest collections of pictures and statuary in the kingdom; several rooms are hung with tapestry, and among many objects of interest can be seen the famous sword worn by Hotspur in the battle of Shrewsbury. Not far off, and upon an eminence, are the ruins of Egremont Castle, built soon after the Norman Conquest. Subsequently the fortress came into the possession of the Lucies, who brought out a tradition connected with it, which has been verified by Wordsworth under the title of "The Horn of Egremont:"

"When the brothers reached the gateway,
Eustace pointed with the lance
To the horn which there was hanging—
Horn of the inheritance."

My visit at Petworth was induced by a desire to see my countryman Leslie, at that time the representative of American art in England, and to whom I had a letter of introduction from Professor Morse. Leslie was a guest at Petworth; he received me with great cordiality, and presented me to the venerable Earl of Egremont, who most kindly invited me to remain a few days at the mansion that I might have an opportunity of seeing my noted countryman and of enjoying the works of art at Petworth House.

The earl at that time might have been sixty-five years of age, courtly, urbane, and confiding in manner, which had the charm of making his visitors at ease with him and with themselves; with cultivated tastes and fondness of art, he enjoyed the society of literary persons and artists, who often met at his table.

It was here that I met Sir Francis Chantrey, England's renowned sculptor, a man of rather striking appearance, quite bald, of very florid complexion and jovial temperament, and an habitual user of snuff. At dinner he was inclined to be facetious, and amused himself in asking me questions about "the States."

"We all know," said he, "that you Americans are the most wonderful people on the face of the globe in most things; but what have you in art—in sculpture, now, for instance?"

"In sculpture," I replied, "nothing to speak of yet."

Here Leslie, beside whom I sat, nudged me sharply and whispered, "Don't you know he made the statue of Washington for us?"

Chantrey overheard the remark, and, winking amusingly at Leslie, he glanced a mischievous frown at me, and said: "Well, never mind, my young gentleman, let us have another glass of wine together and keep good friends."

There were quite a number of the earl's

noble friends assembled at dinner, and, as it was my first experience in the society of distinguished persons, the scene and event were new and impressive.

After dinner, while sitting in the library, the earl questioned me a good deal about Washington Allston, inquiring upon what pictures rested the artist's reputation in America.

I enumerated several, and among them "Jacob's Dream."

"I am the possessor of that picture," replied the earl, and asked Leslie to show it to me.

On the following morning Leslie took me to the upper story of the hall; there, in an immense storeroom under the roof, the earl had deposited a large number of pictures, not having room for them in his gallery. Among them were paintings by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir William Beechey, and several by that singular dreamer Blake; here, frameless and dust-covered, was "Jacob's Dream." Not even its beautiful and poetical composition and refinement of sentiment had saved it from banishment in company with the rejected.

Leslie did not rank the picture as one of Allston's best works. This artist, however, was fairly represented in the earl's collection by two exquisite cabinet-pictures which hung in his private library.

"There," said the earl, "these two pictures are among the gems of my collection, although, as you perceive, I have here several by the old masters. The 'Jacob's Dream,' continued he, "is a picture of peculiar merit, but not equal to these two, especially 'The Repose in Egypt,' which I have always thought to be transcendent in every artistic quality."

I had many walks with Leslie on the earl's estate, and many things were said about art.

"A great many painters," he observed, "looked far away for subjects to paint, when the most interesting were around and about them. . . . Raphael," said he, "was as the Apostle compared with other men."

He spoke of Allston and Washington Irving with much affection and feeling, and referred to their pleasant meetings in London. He gave me his reasons for not continuing the professorship at the West Point Academy, which I do not feel at liberty to state; but one of them was that Mrs. Leslie could not endure the place. I felt grateful for Leslie's confidence and kindness, and, after spending a few happy days at Petworth, which then appeared to me a paradise of existence, I bade adieu to its noble and generous host.

Ten weeks were spent at Paris in making my first acquaintance with the splendid artworks of the Louvre, and then I proceeded to the sunny south of France, and took passage in the ship Pharamond for Leghorn. On arriving at that port, the ship was boarded by a health-officer, who being informed that the captain had sent a bag of biscuits to some famished mariners on board of a vessel from Cyprus, where the plague at that time was reported to exist, an order was at once given that all the passengers of the Pharamond must either return to Marseilles or go into

quarantine for fourteen days. The latter alternative being chosen, we were placed in the lazaretto at St. Rocco, and there, owing to severe sanitary regulations, we were caged like criminals undergoing the penalty of crime. The only sick one of the party, however, was a lapdog of Lady N——, made so by cramming it with sweetmeats from her ladyship's plate. Among the party was a brother of the Grand-duchess of Tuscany, who in high dudgeon applied to the grand-duke for release, but the answer to his petition was short and decisive: "If the grand-duchess herself were of your party, she should remain the time specified!"

The sanitary buildings inclose an area of triangular form, having a fountain in the centre; around this were gathered a motley group of individuals composed of Turks, Jews, and Christians of noble and beggarly estate, walking nervously to and fro, striving to get a small allowance of dubiously pure air, fearing to touch each other, while the sentinels on guard continually cried out "Largo!"—a term signifying "wide berth"—for the least personal contact obliges the one touched to remain at the lazaretto as long as the other is quarantined.

For example: those directly from an infected region are in *quod* for thirty days; some have nearly finished their term of detention, and others have just commenced. "Keep clear," then, is a very important word of caution, not to be neglected.

An instance, *à propos* of the regulations, was a fine-looking, gentlemanly young Maltese, whose term of detention would expire on the following day. He had made the acquaintance, at proper quarantine distance, of two very attractive young ladies of our party, one a Spanish girl of exquisite face and form, and the other the Hon. Miss N——, one of England's fair daughters. Knowing that he was about taking his departure, they were giving him chase, upbraiding him for his want of gallantry in not proffering his hand for a farewell shake; but he, flying before them like a hunted deer, kept out of their reach, and laughingly shook his hand at them, as much as to say, "Not even your fascinations, dear young ladies, can reconcile me to remain a day longer in so detestable a place."

A few days later an Oriental gentleman, who had finished his quarantine, passed through the gate of exit; but, forgetting the penalty in his excitement at parting with a friend and fellow-countryman, rushed back and embraced him. His friend had yet twenty days to remain, and for this unfortunate embrace he was ordered back, to keep his friend company for the allotted time.

Dr. M——, of Louisiana, had the misfortune of picking up a hat which had blown from the head of an old blind Arab, and restoring it to the sightless owner. For this benevolent and impulsive act he and his family were ordered to remain eight days longer in the lazaretto. Without the utmost care, persons were liable to be detained upon the most frivolous pretext.

In my own case, having but a small amount of ready money in my pocket, and not being able to draw upon my banker, I

was about accepting the proffered kindness of a friend, who offered me a handful of napoleons, when the guard cried out, "Largo! largo!" just in time. The napoleons were placed under a pump, and, having been thoroughly washed, I was allowed to pick them up.

The American consul at Leghorn assisted me in arranging for my passage to Sienna with a driver of a two-wheeled vehicle.

It was late in the afternoon and chilly when I started on my first journey in the dream-land of my imagination. The way was upward and over an uninteresting country, with nothing of interest for the eye to rest upon; the fields, bereft of their summer dress, were nude and cheerless, with nothing to suggest the presence of those landmarks of history and romance with which my fervid anticipations had been awakened.

At long intervals we passed inhospitable-looking villages, and then came greenless hedges and homely stone-walls. Unable to exchange a word of Italian with the driver, I felt I was a stranger in a strange land. At length the twilight faded away, and objects were becoming more and more indistinct.

It was near midnight; villages and isolated farm-houses gave place to *capanni*, or straw-thatched hovels, and deformed clumps of yews; sometimes the ruins of an old tower would start out of the darkness, suggesting uncomfortable reflections of brigands and highwaymen, who were then said to frequent that section of country. I thought of Salvatore Rosa's pictures of banditti and other desperadoes who have furnished popular material for sensational fiction, and, as the obscurity grew more dense, objects took mysterious forms, and my imagination became worked up to that state of expectancy that I was sure something would happen; added to this, the driver, who had hitherto amused himself by speaking to his horses, and occasionally humming an Italian song, now became silent and watchful, looking to the right and left, evidently in expectation. Suddenly he left the main road, and turned into a narrow, winding path. Simultaneously, and as if by magic, three figures rose up among the hedges. "Here they are," I thought; "now for the encounter!" But they turned out to be three harmless goats who were having a scanty browse among the briars and dry shrubbery.

Protesting vehemently against this abrupt deviation from the post-road, I felt convinced that it boded evil of some kind, and in my own language ordered the driver to the main road, repeating the name "Sienna, Sienna," but it was lost on him, for he merely replied, "Io non capisco tedesca." The sounds of the words are still in my memory, although I did not then comprehend their meaning.

A few yards farther brought us in front of some kind of rude structure, which in the obscurity I fancied to be a dilapidated stable, then the entrance to a cavern or cemetery; and, adopting that feature most in keeping with my suspicions, I expected shortly to be in the home of bandits. However charming it might appear to be the veritable hero of a romance, ambition takes sudden flight in the face of unavoidable and threatening danger;

but there was no help for it—I must submit and take my chances of escape.

At this moment, and as if by preconcerted arrangement, a man issued from the interior bearing a small lantern. He wore a heavy, coarse cloak and large-brimmed hat, under which appeared a swarthy face with long, black beard, the veritable type of the pictured brigand.

After exchanging a few words in a low tone with the driver, they proceeded to unharness the horse. In the mean time I descended from the carriage, and, seizing my portmanteau, waited the sequel of their movements. I had not to wait long before a figure was seen on the broken steps of the entrance, and, coming forward, proved to be a young woman, with bare arms, bright eyes, red lips, and marvelously white teeth, who addressed me with a musical voice in the pretty Tuscan dialect, which, not being understood, I could not reply to; yet her pleasant smile gave me courage, and I made out from her expressive pantomime that I was to follow her, which I did under a visible shade of protest, still doubting whether all was right.

Leading the way through a dismal porch and up a break-neck flight of stairs, I found myself in a spacious room, used as a dwelling-room, kitchen, and sleeping-apartment. From the rafters hung Indian-corn, dried sausages, onions, grapes, horse-tackle, scythes, shovels, and other implements of husbandry.

A large fireplace and hearthstone, raised considerably above the rough, stone floor, occupied nearly one end of the room, and on each side of it were stone benches masoned in the wall. To one of these the buxom hostess beckoned me, and then built a cheerful fire, placed in my hands a huge piece of brown bread with a slice of cheese, and by my side some delicious grapes and a flagon of red wine.

Such generous prodigality assuredly did not portend robbery and assassination. My excitement gradually wore away as I found myself among friends. The place proved to be merely a rude hostelry or wayside inn. On the following day, at an early hour, I took my departure, quite satisfied with my treatment and first experience on Italian soil.

The gray mist was rising from the valley below, and, caught by the wind, was borne off in fleecy clouds to the distant hills, when the sun's rays broke out in all their splendor upon the surrounding scene, so different from the gloom of the preceding night; the three goats were browsing at the wayside, and, raising their heads meekly as we passed, seemed to say, "How could you take us for bandits?"

From our elevated position we looked down upon the broad expanse stretching far, far away, studded with groves of majestic trees, cottages touched with silvery light, farm-houses with their stacks and sheepfolds, cattle grazing at the fountain-side; and peasants in gay costume, some driving cattle, and others with their jackets thrown over their arms, were wending their way to labor; while the distant hills, with their graceful lines silhouetted on the clear blue sky, presented a picture of surpassing beauty. At length Sienna was reached, and then Rome.

II.

THE CAFFE GRECO.

THE daily life of an artist in Rome, particularly at the commencement of his career, is hardly worth recording; it is one of toil and perpetual anxiety, where the work of to-day must provide for the wants of the morrow, and, laboring incessantly for daily support, he has but little time to devote to pleasure; yet, however limited his means, he can find that society most congenial to his tastes and feelings at some of the restaurants of Rome, particularly at the Caffè Greco. Here, day after day and year after year, he meets his brother-artists and persons of culture and refinement.

This noted place has been mentioned in so many books of travel, letters, and journals, that its existence is known over all Europe and America. It is and has been for a century the resort of most foreign artists and literary men visiting or residing in Rome, and, if it could record the sayings and doings heard and interpreted within its walls, no book of modern times would be more interesting to the artist, the amateur, or man of letters.

It was here, in years gone by, that Reynolds, Flaxman, West, Thorwaldsen, Vernet, Gibson, Turner, Cornelius, Overbeck, Morse, Vanderlyn, Crawford, Keats, Washington Irving, and others of artistic and literary fame, rich and poor, gathered to speak of the past, the present, and the future. Wit and mirth, penury and fortune, the sad and the gay, met and joined hands and hearts over the generous falernian, the vino ordinario, or the invigorating cup of coffee.

This place was resorted to, not because of its superior appointments and fare, for it was decidedly one of the smallest, darkest, and untidiest of restaurants; its central position and superior coffee were its chief attractions, added to which a greater freedom of speech was permitted, without a strict surveillance of the police, whose spies found their way into all reunions of society; but this brotherhood of artists and students under the pontifical reign of Pius VII. and Gregory XVI. seems to have enjoyed a license quite exceptional to any other rendezvous. It has been but little changed or modified since those times. The interior consisted of three insignificant rooms; the largest and nearest the entrance had a low-arched ceiling, pretentiously painted with nondescript allegory, in which hideous and grotesque animals were strangely mixed with mythological monstrosities, and driven into Stygian confusion by dense clouds of tobacco-smoke.

The walls and windows were toned down by the same cause into asphaltum diageiness, the smoke penetrating into every nook and corner, and keeping the atmosphere so thickly charged with it that it was difficult either to see or breathe. Added to this were the commingling of a dozen languages and dialects, and a variety of costumes, physiognomy, and gesticulation peculiar to Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Danes, Swedes, Spaniards, French, Dutch, English, and other mixed races and eccentric characters.

The most important object in this department was a little wooden box, standing upon the counter among glasses, cups and saucers, bottles, flasks, spoons, and soiled napkins. This little box might be designated as the post-office for the *habitués* of the Greco, and their letters, with few exceptions, were directed there. Each visitor as he entered marched to the box, and overhauled it with intense eagerness.

What disappointed faces have I seen turn away from it! No news from loved ones in far-off homes! The long-expected letter, with a much-needed remittance, not yet come! A young, blue-eyed German, with long, golden locks, velvet coat, and wide-brimmed hat, searches the box, and draws forth a prize. What sunbeams play over his vermilion cheeks as he seeks a quiet corner of the room and breaks the seal! What sorrow in the countenance of that pale young English artist who has extracted a black-edged letter for his share! Hans meets Carl in the street. "I say, old fellow, there is a letter at the Greco for you." Carl hastens his steps, heedless of everything until he holds in his hand the six months' retarded treasure.

It must be remembered that at the period spoken of the postal regulations in Italy and in European countries generally were not what they are to-day. Students then often suffered great inconvenience in consequence of the uncertainty of the mails. Owing to the trials and vicissitudes which frequently and unexpectedly overtook them, there existed a fraternal feeling among the different bands of students which was very hearty and loyal. If one were stricken down with malaria or affliction, he found his most faithful nurse and sympathizing friend in his fellow-artist; or, if deficient in money, there was always a friend who would share the last cent with him; or, if discouraged in his work, there was not wanting a cheerful companion to raise his faltering hopes and stimulate him to perseverance. It is pleasing to recollect and record these traits, and they are not exaggerated; many of them came under my own observation, and numerous touching instances have been rehearsed to me of rare self-sacrifice and unwearied devotion, among which might be mentioned that of Severn, an English artist, to Keats, to be spoken of hereafter.

The old cigar-box of letters, then, was an interesting and attractive feature to the *habitués* of the Antico Caffè Greco, but repulsive to a stranger who happened to examine its contents; for at the bottom were always seen a number of crumpled, stained, and shapeless letters, waiting to be called for, from which all traces of whiteness had disappeared under the influence of the ruthless nicotine.

Contiguous to this apartment were two of smaller size; one of them, from its resemblance to such a vehicle, was called the Omnibus. It was a species of alcove, long and narrow, lighted from above, with seats on each side, in front of which were pigmy tables, allowing but a small space for passage-way between them, forcing those who were trying to get in or out to make extraordinary shifts to pass; but, crowded, squeezed, and

jostled, as all were, there existed the utmost good temper and unbroken hilarity in the Omnibus. It was the favorite place for the younger frequenters, and here might be noticed national types of feature, costume, and manner—the German student, with long, golden hair, fresh red-and-white cheeks, blue eyes, and open-hearted sincerity of expression; the more serious, dark-eyed, picturesquely-costumed Spaniard; the excitable and graceful Frenchman; the high-cheek-boned, enthusiastic, and generous Russian; the grave-eyed Swede, with honesty and earnestness depicted in every lineament; the handsome, inspired-looking Hungarian—in brief, every country and language of Europe were represented in these young votaries of art: each brought with him in dress, look, and feeling, something of his native land, all eager and hopeful to secure advancement and fame.

Happy, thrice happy period of life for most of them! yet few realized the dreams of their ambition.

The other room, more central in position, was selected by the older frequenters of the place. It contained four small, rectangular tables, with white-marble slabs; at one might usually be seen an English party; at another, a closely-wedged group of Russians; at a third, a German party, with long pipes resting on their beards, and broad-brimmed hats à la Vandeyck, and among them might be recognized the great Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, Hans Christian Andersen, Wolf, Cornelius, and others renowned in literature and art, and not unfrequently were seen among them persons of distinguished rank, such as Ludwig of Bavaria, who was artist as well as king. The assemblage at the fourth table was somewhat promiscuous. The English artists usually gathered in one corner of the room, and were exceptionally clannish and noticeably reserved. Here Flaxman always sat, and, at a later period, Gibson occupied the same seat. Shelley and Keats were often there, and it is said that Byron occasionally found his way to the Greco.

One day Vanderlyn met me at the Greco and said, "Thirty years ago I was on this very spot," and, pointing to different seats, observed, "there sat Allston opposite me; that was Turner's corner; here on my left sat Fenimore Cooper; and there, I was told, Sir Joshua Reynolds and West sat.—Thirty years, and I am here again; I come back old and broken with my first and last commission from our government for the Rotunda—too late! too late!" These were, as nearly as I can recollect, the words of the very gifted but much-neglected Vanderlyn.

Weir, Chapman, and Crawford, have in their turn made part of the gatherings around this table, and later, when these students had vacated their places, some forever, I have seen another generation of English and American artists occupy the same seats; their number has increased to such an extent that I shall only mention a few names familiar to our people and prominent as artists: Ward, Collins, O'Neil, Elmore, Phillips, Pine, Leighton, Goodhall; and, among American artists—Cole, Leutze, Baker, Page, Rogers, Story, Ives, and Rinehart. The future

has a right at least to know of them as the pioneers of painting and sculpture of their native land, and inscribe their names in the annals which record the progress of the fine arts in the nineteenth century. The last mentioned have met within the walls of the Caffè Greco, and have vacated their places for others, or will soon do so; and around these coffee-stained marble slabs will yet be seen clever and skillful artists as in times past, smoking, laughing, and sipping their coffee, while sketching upon them, as I have often seen—and what clever things, too!—portraits, animals, landscapes, caricatures of each other, and hints of composition—all doomed to be speedily obliterated by the wet napkin of the nearest *garçon* on duty. On one occasion, I saw a capital likeness of Thackeray, whose tall and eccentric figure was seen represented by the artistic pencil with wonderful vigor and truthfulness, and which an art-loving author or friend would like to have secured even had he to buy the slab, but, ere he could express the wish, the fatal cloth would pass over it, and it was gone forever, leaving the blank marble for fresh triumphs of skill, these in their turn to pass away in like manner.

This brief sketch of the Greco will suffice to give a truthful picture of its leading features, and will be referred to occasionally in connection with some of the anecdotes scattered through these reminiscences.

THE PROBLEM OF CRIME.

IT is not intended in this article to discuss the scientific aspects of criminal life in any exhaustive manner, nor even minutely to review the investigations of Dr. Maudsley, Legrand du Saulle, Dumesnil, and others, which have resulted in establishing the existence and heredity of a criminal neurosis—that is to say, of an hereditary type of nervous degeneration, which has its special exponents in criminal acts and predisposes to their commission—but, on the other hand, to state the positions of medical psychologists as they relate to the existing system of criminal jurisprudence, to illustrate them with a few typical cases, and to imply the thoroughly unscientific and barbarous nature of the existing penitentiary system. One of the most important questions which our inductive psychological science has forced upon the attention of thoughtful publicists is this: whether, when frequent convictions have demonstrated that a given delinquent is incurably criminal, it is worth while to periodically enlarge him, or whether it would not be better, more humane, and more in accordance with established principles of science, to seclude such persons until proper medical examination shall pronounce them sufficiently recovered to be enlarged without endangering the interests of society. In its various relations this question suggests such radical and important reforms, not only in the theory and administration of criminal jurisprudence, but also in the existing penitentiary system of America and Europe, Prussia excepted, that it is essential to state the relations succinctly before entering upon the

discussion of the question itself. The existence of what is termed the criminal neurosis, as the physiological basis of the criminal activities recorded by penal and police statisticians, while it is consistent with the presumption of a certain moral responsibility on the part of habitual criminals, reduces them in a general way to the same category as lunatics, and would prescribe a very similar treatment at the hands of society—a treatment having in view their ultimate recovery, in the same manner as an alienist physician has in view the ultimate recovery of his patient, but one in which the period of seclusion is wholly dependent on such recovery of moral sanity.

In certain forms, such as kleptomania, and homicidal and suicidal mania, the neurotic nature of criminal acts has long since received proper recognition, and their heredity has been fully accepted. Exponents of a transitory insanity having its predisposing as well as its exciting causes, the second has been identified as generally coexisting with distinct epileptic paroxysms, while the third pertains to a more obscure although definitely hereditary type of nervous perversion, which cannot be classified as epileptic; one peculiarity that distinguishes suicidal from homicidal mania being its longer duration, its persistent and methodical manner, the absence of those nervous perturbations and paroxysms which either precede or follow the latter, and its participation in the class of acts designated as instinctive rather than in that usually styled impulsive.

Eliminating these confessedly maniacal acts from the discussion, and omitting another class, such as heavy defalcations and homicides arising from overwhelming temptation or from sudden passion, not without real incentive, the inquiry resolves itself into a series of questions concerning the physical and mental conditions of criminal activity. And here it is exceedingly difficult to collect and collate statistics of hereditary bias in such a manner as to determine the scientific verity of criminal heredity.

My friend Mr. Dugdale, who is now making the tour of the prisons of the United States, under the auspices of the Prison Association, has in view the collection of all possible information on this important question. The inference that such heredity is a fixed law is, however, at present a general one, supported by actual data so far as attainable, but not so actually demonstrated as could be wished. The instability of our criminal population, their vagrant and migratory habits, their unvaricacy and the persistence with which they baffle statistical inquiries, their frequent adoption of new names for criminal or other purposes, their promiscuousness in the sexual relation, and other causes—among them the fact that sterility generally supervenes in the fourth generation, and that the second and third are copiously interlarded with idiocy and insanity—have all contributed to render the investigations of criminal statistics very unreliable in their details and very complex in their relations to lunacy, idiocy, and pauperism. Taking our own experiments in that direction, the theory of transplanting the offspring of criminal parents from city vagrancy to

country homes has not worked very well as an agent of reform, although it has served to indicate that, in the majority of instances, the criminal habit of the parent communicates a bias that can scarcely be eradicated in a single generation.

In the course of a service as a metropolitan journalist of twelve years, in the earlier experiences of which I was a daily *habitué* of the criminal courts, I have been gradually driven to the conclusion that habitual criminals are as distinguishable as the insane by well-marked physical *indicia*, and by special nervous traits. To illustrate this point: I have often amused myself in trying to detect the idiotic taint in members of families in which the taint existed, but only exhibited itself in sporadic cases of idiocy; and, however exceptionally brilliant and intellectual the member whom I happened to be studying, I have never observed an instance in which it was not possible to identify the tendency in the cerebral organization by observing the forehead at a given angle. Now, having detected and identified the idiotic contour, if the experimentalist will trouble himself to observe the same person in highly-excited states of the nervous system, he will be able to detect and identify certain peculiar movements that pertain to congenital idiots, and may be styled idiotic movements.

As to the detection and identification of the criminal neurosis, let me observe, in the first instance, that, so far as my observations have extended, nervous degeneration of this type is generally accompanied by what I have styled the idiotic contour in a manner so marked that the tendency to cerebral degeneracy may be stated to be in the special direction of idiocy, while it is distinguished by certain instinctive, prehensile movements not allied to the idiotic. The abnormal development of mere cunning, so noticeable in criminals, is also often equally noticeable in persons of idiotic temperament, and is not to be regarded in the light of a development from external circumstances to the extent that is generally supposed, but rather as an aspect of psychical life arising from a special type of nervous breaking down.

Of all the observers of Nature in modern fiction, Sir Walter Scott is the most masterly in comprehending and sympathetically presenting the various aspects and relations of morbid psychical life, although Mr. Dickens may perhaps be said to exceed in the single department of delineating the physical movements and linguistic idiosyncrasies incident to such aspects, without at all equaling Scott in penetrating power or in fidelity to actual facts. In Balfour of Burley, for example, the student has a delineation from that epileptic borderland in which morbid and maniac religious enthusiasm, and cant, and hypocrisy, walk hand-in-hand, neither excluding the other, in a manner only possible with epileptic enthusiasts; and both the physical and psychical traits of the disorder are described with the medical fidelity of a Legrand du Saule, and with the higher scientific insight of a Maudsley; so that, while sympathizing vividly with the morbid psychical life of Burley, and while not regarding him as a madman within the proper accepta-

tion of the term, the reader, nevertheless, hesitates about ascribing to him any full moral responsibility for acts of fanaticism mingled with which appears the same morbid development of cunning that scientific observers now associate with certain typical aspects of nervous degeneration, and regard as an exponent and symptom of progressive nervous dissolution, rather than as a species of intelligence. Indeed, the inquirer in this direction who will read Maudsley for the scientific aspects of criminal and lunatic life, and Scott by way of realizing such aspects in their psychical significance, will readily understand that there is a border-state in which one is neither sane nor mad, neither exactly responsible nor exactly irresponsible, but both within certain variable limits. The person is not unconscious as to the moral nature of his acts, and the perception of right and wrong is not absent, but the enfeebled volition is incapable of successfully opposing the sudden onset of a morbid impulse, or of holding out against the continuous pressure of a criminal though monomaniac idea, which is, however, comprehended as such.

I have notes of the case of a convict named Parker, a frequent inmate of the Connecticut State-prison, who was a Balfour of Burley in many respects, having periodical attacks of religious monomania, in which it was difficult to tell whether fanaticism or hypocrisy predominated. It was his special affectation to travel about the country as an unordained minister—a *role* which he managed with consummate dexterity, so powerful were his exhortations, and so dramatic his physical contortions. Another of his specialties was the impersonation of long-absent friends and relations. With such truth to Nature did he act the pathos and romantic sentiment of return after prolonged absence, that he often lived in families for weeks before the imposture was suspected. In one instance he was accepted by a disconsolate widow as her long-lost husband for some months before the fraud was discovered.

Cases of this description, in which religious mania and criminal instincts are strangely interwoven, are no rarities to such as have made studies from life of the criminal temperament. Dissociated from practices that are legally punishable, I have frequently observed this aspect of religious mania in the occasional zealot but erratic members who are such psychical puzzles to the ordinary clergyman, and with whom, in a word, religion is simply a nervous paroxysm, genuine so far as concerns its emotional aspects, but, in its subsidence, leaving the moral life barren and unproductive; and, if the reader will trouble himself to trace the biographies of persons of this class who have fallen under his observation, he will generally find that the criminal instincts, the secret indulgence of which subjected them to the general imputation of hypocrisy, and the religious paroxysms, were equally genuine, though apparently incompatible, elements of their psychical lives. It is difficult for a person in nervous health to enter sympathetically into the psychical states of lives so intrinsically fictitious, in such a manner as to discuss them intelligently, and to indicate the

varying degrees of moral responsibility that can justly be ascribed to them; and, as regards the criminal temperament, this is exactly the issue under consideration by scientific men, while jurists are still busy with the exposition of antique theories, and are never weary of descanting upon the higher humanity of modern punitive administration, its lighter penalties, its dusky recognition of the possibility of reforming the criminal (conjoined to the best method of practically defeating such possibility), and its constant assertion that the protection of society, not punitive justice, is the main purpose for which gibbets and penitentiaries exist.

The general conclusion of science as to the question in issue is very distinctly stated by Dr. Maudsley in one of his addresses before the psychological section of the British Medical Association. It is, that "conscience is a function of organization—the highest and most delicate function of the highest and most complex development of organization;" and that, as a natural consequence, as well as a fact of observation, "the causes of moral degeneracy are directly traceable to the defective nervous organizations of criminals;" that, finally, "a criminal life is generally the result of an actual neurosis, which has intimate relations with the epileptic and insane neuroses."

In the dramatic case of Miss Edmunds, an English murderess, for example, the father died raving mad in an asylum, her brother died epileptic and idiotic, her sister was insane, her maternal grandfather died in paralytic imbecility, and she had always been subject to attacks of somnambulism and hysteria. Dr. Needham reports a case that typically illustrates the intimate relation that subsists between criminal impulses and deranged function. A young lady of superior mental culture and ability had, at the age of twenty-eight, an attack of brain-fever, followed by considerable mental irritability. At the age of forty-three, in a condition of reduced health, she was suddenly seized, at sight of a razor or knife, with an impulse to commit suicide or homicide. She struggled against the impulse, and in a few weeks it vanished, and did not recur for five years. She again became debilitated, and, at the age of forty-eight, the impulse to murder some one returned with a force that rendered her life miserable. She voluntarily sought admission to the asylum, on the ground that her self-control was giving way. She had no delusion, conversed rationally and cleverly, but was broken in general health, with pulse quick and compressible. Placed on liberal diet, she recovered temporarily, but the attacks recurred at periodical intervals.

A third case, from the memoranda of Legrand du Saulle, in addition to its dramatic interest, involves the important issue of how far a criminal can be held morally responsible for acts committed in states of mind when the morbid impulse cannot be considered as distinctly present. A young man of distinguished family in France was, at the age of eighteen, regarded as a queer fellow, of defective memory, and liable to unprovoked paroxysms of anger. At nineteen, while at college, he had what he styled an

attack of brain-fever, and was delirious for two or three days, but recovered suddenly. Graduated with honor at St.-Cyr, he was appointed an under-lieutenant in the Algerian service, where he became known for insolence, pettishness, and indulgence in absinthe; was punished by his colonel, and, having fought a duel, was compelled to abandon his regiment and join one of *Turcos*. During a long tramp through the province of Constantine he fainted, was carried to the hospital, and treated for *coup de soleil*. He recovered and rejoined the *Turcos*, but was so turbulent that he incurred a humiliating sentence from his general, after which he tendered his resignation and returned home in June, 1870. When the war with Germany came on, ashamed of his resignation, and dreading the imputation of cowardice, he enlisted as a private, and participated in several engagements before Metz; was taken prisoner, but effected his escape at Pont-à-Mousson, and, after many hardships, finally returned home, whence, observing that new armies were being recruited, he wrote to Gambetta that he had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and decorated a knight of the Legion of Honor before Metz, and asked for a command becoming his rank. Gambetta sent him a lieutenant's commission and ordered him to the Loire. At the battle of Coulmiers his shoulder was crushed by a ball, and he was afterward under treatment for several months, but did not fully recover. His real position, in the interval, became known to the military authorities, and he was arraigned before a court-martial. On examining this young man, Legrand du Saulle found him calm, gentle, intelligent, but laboring under nervous debility, although earnestly protesting against the imputation of cowardice or insanity.

The real point here is, as the eminent alienist states it, whether a neurosis that only transiently disturbs the intelligence, and in the deranged moments of which the letter to Gambetta was written, can detract from the moral responsibility of acts that are not committed in a state of delirium. The trial starts from an acquired irresponsibility, but leads fatally on to a series of fraudulent acts. At the starting-point the man is confessedly irresponsible; but intervals of sanity, in which he might have corrected himself, succeed one after another, and he continues the imposture.

In estimating such cases it must be observed that, in addition to transient disturbances of the intelligence, which are in the nature of paroxysms, the progressive degeneration of the nervous centres exercises a general and continuous influence in transforming and modifying habitual mental and emotional states of its victim; and, as with spiritual mediums, so with epileptic criminals, one of the first evidences of this transformation is the development of abnormal cunning, and the tendency to fraudulent performances, particularly to such romantic and unveracious statements as indicate the morbid fictitiousness of psychical life, that has supplanted and undermined all the healthy, emotional, intellectual, and moral activities. Indeed, I will venture to say, from my own

observations in this field, that the moral function is generally the first to become unsettled, and that, long before the intelligence is perceptibly disturbed, acts of erratic and often daring immorality, frequently mark the progress of the disorder; and although, even by medical men, such acts are generally disregarded as *indicia* of the neurotic temperament, they are, particularly if they consist in romantic statements and fraudulent performances, among the earliest and most unerring symptoms of progressive nervous degeneration, and generally precede such perceptible disturbance of the intelligence as constitutes a proper insanity, for an appreciable interval, often for years.

This loss of moral function, without perceptible disturbance of the intelligence, is well illustrated in a criminal case described by Moreau de Tours, who had the delinquent, a young man, under his care at Bicêtre. He had been condemned to death for murder, but his sentence was subsequently commuted to twenty years' penal servitude. Epileptic from infancy, but of accomplished education, he went to Paris with a young lady whom he expected to marry. Subject to paroxysms of unfounded jealousy, quarrels had arisen. One evening after a long promenade, having been for two days afflicted with trifling giddiness, he returned to his hotel, finding his mistress asleep on the sofa. Suddenly it occurred to him that it would be very unfortunate if she should eventually turn out to be a coquette, and, drawing a pistol, he shot her dead as she slept. The report alarmed the attendants, who rushed in and found the woman dead and the young man struggling in convulsions. In this instance the idea in which the murder originated was a trivial and fantastic one, and the outset of the homicidal impulse was sudden and imperative; but there had been no previous disturbance of the intelligence, save such as results from the general transforming influence of progressive nervous histolysis.

I have insisted on the importance of morbid moral phenomena as indicative of nervous degeneration, on observations of my own, and somewhat in advance of medical observation. But another important factor in the problem must not be forgotten. Although a physical symptom, it is one that only the most sleepless vigilance can detect, and one that cannot be left to inexperienced and ignorant prison officials. The exceeding frequency of somnambulism among the criminal classes is well attested by general observation, but the existence of the nocturnal nervous paroxysm, except when it takes this obtrusive form, passes unnoticed. A case in point is recorded by Dumesnil. His attention was arrested by the peculiar physiognomy of a man who had just been convicted of larceny, and on prosecuting his observations systematically he discovered that the man was subject to nocturnal attacks, of the existence of which he was not himself aware, but which had gradually sapped the sources of healthy nervous life. "Such attacks," says that high authority, "may for years pass unnoticed, although, nevertheless, attended by the most strange and dangerous morbid incitations." A soldier, subject to frequent

fits of rage, was court-martialed for insulting his superior officer. On medical investigation, this man was transferred to the insane hospital as subject to mild attacks of periodical mania. "Long afterward," says Dumesnil, "I had occasion to satisfy myself that each of these attacks was preceded during the night by a light nervous fit, which had escaped the attention of the patient himself, of persons who for several years had slept with him, and, finally, of the hospital attendants." A more striking illustration of the sleepless vigilance that penitentiary physicians should bring to bear on elucidation of the question of criminal responsibility, could scarcely be instanced than is presented by either of these cases, from the note-book of one of the first alienists of this century; and yet, in point of fact, neither the prison physicians of this country nor those of Europe have contributed materially, with all their opportunities, to the data for an enlightened study of criminal psychology. The most minute inquiries I have been able to make, assisted by such statistics as penitentiary and pauper-hospital records afford, which are very inexact, enable me to construct the following proximate table of the neurotic relations of habitual criminals, by which is meant persons who have been more than once convicted:

Actually subject to epileptic attacks	10
Sprung from families which have furnished idiot paupers	32
Sprung from families which have furnished cases of epileptic or other insanity	19
Sprung from families which have furnished pauper paralytics	17
Without data for determining these questions	22
Total	100
Sprung from parents who have been committed for criminal practices	57
Without data for determining this question	43
Total	100

The foregoing table is proximately correct as to the affiliations of criminal life with idiocy, insanity, and paralysis, and as to the heredity of criminal instincts, so far as this city is concerned. At least, whatever residuum of error subsequent inquiries may reveal, will, I am persuaded, consist in a resolution of the percentage I have been compelled to adjudge deficient in data, and in the disclosure, after more penetrating investigation, of a larger proportion of actual epileptics. The table is, however, conclusive as to the intimate relations subsisting between the criminal neurosis and other types of physical degeneration; so that the two classes, the criminal and the insane, may be compared to clouds merging into each other at their margins, and constantly interpenetrating each other with psychical forces.

One highly-typical case must answer for this point: A young man fell from the top of a ladder fifteen feet high, but apparently recovered from the shock, with the exception that, while conversing, he would stop suddenly, drop his head, turn deathly pale, and regain consciousness in a few seconds, wholly unaware of his condition. One evening, after an attack of this kind, he went into the

street, took a horse and buggy which was standing in front of a house, rode about two miles to his father's grave, plucked all the flowers from the bushes planted upon it, brought them home to his mother, and asked her to take a ride with him. Being asked how he came by the horse and buggy, he stated that he found them lost in the street. His mother directed him to take them immediately to a livery-stable, and leave them there to be returned to their owner. He took them to the stable as directed, but left them for keeping as his own. When discovered by their owner, the transaction was of course treated as a larceny, to the great mortification of the family. The boy could not explain his conduct, and could not, when questioned, recall a single circumstance connected with it. He subsequently, during one of his attacks, shipped as a sailor on a vessel bound for London, and recovered out at sea, completely ignorant of every detail of the transaction.

Here the mental eclipse was so real as to constitute a true transitory insanity. In the criminal neurosis, on the other hand, the observer has to deal with cases in which the individual, like a dreaming man, or one in day-mare, perceives his external relations, but has no realizing moral appreciation of them. The perceptive faculty is intact, but the realizing and appreciating faculty—that upon which the moral activity uniquely depends—is apparently withdrawn. In other words, the most delicate of all functions—the moral—has already given way before a physical degeneracy that will, in the end, in this generation or the next, eventuate in idiocy or insanity. The phenomenon known to prison officials as breaking out, which now and then converts a penitentiary into a pandemonium, evidences very conclusively the high nervous irritability and the tendency to paroxysm which accompany the neurotic temperament. A night hour is almost invariably selected, and the convict begins by smashing everything fragile in the cell, tearing the bedding in pieces, swearing the while in the highest possible key, and ending with a dance among the ruins. The infection takes, and everything destroyable in the ward is demolished. The tales that keepers and matrons have to tell of such proceedings would fill volumes; but they all tend to establish one fact, namely, the periodic and maniacal nature of the breaking out. The most minute inquiries I have been able to make, as to this aspect of prison-life, indicate that about twenty per cent. of the inmates must have their periodical paroxysm, but that the male prisoners exhibit a self-control in this respect that is not shared by the female.

The facts and statistics thus far exhibited, although not at all exhaustive, serve to indicate the nature and conclusiveness of the data upon which the enlightened scientific view of criminal psychology rests. Starting from the accepted position that the development of criminal instincts is one of the consequences of physical degeneration, they also indicate inferentially the curative agencies that will be effective to be substantially the same as are employed in the enlightened treatment of insane patients. As they affect

police administration, they call up the question whether it is worth the while, after repeated conviction has established the habitual criminality of a person, to carry on the farce of enlarging such person only to enact the tragedy over again, and whether it would not be better, as it would surely be more scientific, to restrain such person indefinitely, or until medical examiners should sanction his liberation from custody. In harmony with the results of modern science, after several convictions have demonstrated the existence of a criminal habit, the convict should be regarded as beyond the jurisdiction of prescribed periods of restraint, and either secluded as an incurable, or until medically adjudged to be convalescent.

Before scientific principles can be applied in this department, they must be applied to the prison regimen, with the intention of converting prisons from engines of torture into asylums intended and adapted to advance the physical and mental condition of their inmates—disciplinary, but not punitive; applying all the results of modern science to the physical nutrition of the prisoners, under discriminative and enlightened medical masters, and bringing to bear all known agencies for the restoration of the lost or disordered moral function. In the *Zellengefängnis* near Berlin certain principles are in operation that might be profitably copied, the two main theorems being that a prisoner must not be reminded, by association with prisoners, that he is under restraint, and that the prison must render him capable of self-support. The prisoner is, therefore, often paying his way, permitted to develop his faculties in manufacturing for the market in any department of industry or art for which he may have an aptitude, the prison authorities assisting as agents in disposing of his wares. Some of the prisoners thus accumulate considerable capital in the course of their seclusion. Every incentive is held out for the culture of sincerity and veracity; the prisoner's attendance on religious services is not compulsory, but rests with himself, on the ground that compulsion would act as a stimulant to hypocrisy; he reads such books as he pleases, under certain restrictions as to purity and elevation, be they religious, historical, scientific, or works of fiction; and his associations are wholly with keepers carefully selected for their function, not taken from the ranks of ignorant political managers. The consequence of such a regimen, which, I should add, attends carefully to dietetic details, is, I am informed, that returns to the institution, as convicts, are fifty per cent. less than in England, where prison-science has scarcely commenced. The *Zellengefängnis* is self-supporting, and aims at nothing more, one of its principles being that the government is entitled to only a just remuneration from the prisoner, and that any excess over such remuneration in his earnings is his property, in the same manner as though not under restraint. Such are the leading traits of the Prussian prison system. Dark cells and other mediæval inventions, as *agendas* of order, have no existence; and, owing to exclusion of associations with each other, or even of visual acquaintance, I am

told that the inmates often contract lasting and very tender friendships with their attendants, thus largely strengthening the disciplinary tendency of the regimen.

Considered as an experiment, the Prussian system, the theory of which is to bring the prisoners into active contact with a culture as nearly like that of well-regulated and responsible life as possible, has demonstrated its efficiency. As all its details are administered with a German regard for the laws of physical and moral regeneration, the *Zellengefängnis* is substantially a hospital for the morally infirm and insane, and if a prisoner shows himself intractable or incorrigibly vicious at the beginning, as is often the case, the velvet and iron system, which leaves him to think better of it at his own leisure, presently brings him to terms, and he is glad to capitulate, having no acts of violence and cruelty from keepers to remember; for the rule is to let the man have it out with himself, simply removing him out of hearing if he is abusive, obscene, or profane.

I will not dwell longer on the Prussian theory. Sufficient details have been given to enable intelligent observers to contrast it with our own, in which the tendency is to remind the man that he is a convict, and to break down any remnant of moral sanity and self-respect that vicious associations and a vitiating culture may have left in him, and in which monotony is substituted for true disciplinary experience, the laws of physical and moral regeneration are totally disregarded, and the last state of the prisoner is generally worse than the first. Humanity of modern criminal jurisprudence! It would be better, and more in accordance with the results of modern science, to extirpate persons of criminal habits, as a surgeon extirpates a gangrened organ, in some humane manner—by anesthesia, for example—than to subject them, as is now the practice, to a prison-culture calculated to render regeneration hopeless, and then to reconvict them again and again for not having become morally sane under a treatment specially adapted to destroy any existing vestige of moral vitality.

FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

CENTENNIAL SKETCHES.

I.

OUR NATIONAL FLAG.

THE year 1776 not only listened to the Declaration of Independence, announcing the birth of a nation, but it also witnessed the first unfolding of the flag which has become the symbol of a mighty power, the pride of many million souls, and which will float as long as the principles of that Declaration dwell in the hearts of men. But the flag came before the Declaration. There must be some sturdy fighting done before such bold words are spoken, and men cannot fight without a flag, and so "old glory" was born on the 2d of January, 1776, just one hundred years ago.

The idea of a "union flag," as it was called, had long been familiar to the American colonists. The flags in use throughout

the provinces before the Revolution were chiefly those of England, and, though there were many other devices, they were nearly always coupled with some feature of the British colors. The old English flag had been the red cross of St. George on a white field, but in 1606 King James I. combined with it the white cross of St. Andrew on a blue field, because England and Scotland had then become united in one kingdom. In 1707 the color of this flag was changed to crimson, and the crosses, which had before filled the whole banner, were now confined to the upper corner. This was the famous "meteor flag" of England, which took its present form in 1801, when the cross of St. Patrick was added to the other two. The cross of St. George was the banner which led the English adventurers to their first conquest in America, and doubtlessly waved over the Puritans when, on that bleak December day, they knelt on the "stern and rock-bound coast" at Plymouth. It reminded them of the old country which they still loved, and of the many dear ones whom they had left behind.

But the detestation of "popery" was so strong and unconquerable among the Puritans that they abhorred everything which reminded them of it, and many were found who disliked the cross in the banner because it had been given to England by a pope. This feeling gradually increased till, in 1634, Mr. Endicott tore out part of the cross from the flag then flying at Salem. This was thought by some to mean treason, but at the trial it appeared that Endicott was moved only by a belief that it was idolatrous to let the cross remain. Two months later the ministers of Ipswich met in Boston, to see if it was right to keep the cross in the banner. They failed to agree, and the subject was referred to the General Court. Meanwhile, the military officers ordered all designs to be laid aside. In December, 1635, it was ordered that all the colors should have the king's arms instead of the crosses, and this new flag was raised over the fort in Boston Harbor. But this unsettled state of affairs had made much trouble in the fort. While the colony was without colors, the castle looked like a deserted fortress, and, after the new ensign was adopted, English sailors complained that the people were traitors and rebels—not flying the king's colors. So, being fearful of displeasing the English Government, the colonists allowed the regular standard to float over the castle, but nowhere else in the province. Dutch visitors to Boston as late as 1680 noticed that the flags contained no crosses, while the pine-tree was a favorite device. The red cross of St. George, however, gradually worked its way back into favor until, in 1707, the union flag, created by James I., in 1606, was ordered by Parliament for general use in all the colonies.

These high-handed dealings with the flag tell us how early the American colonists began to show that spirit of independence which finally made them a separate nation. As the exciting times drew near, the growing spirit was again manifested in the same way. The ten years preceding the outbreak of the Revolution saw an abundant variety of devices

and mottoes on the flags, all speaking of the feelings which were moving the popular heart. They formed bands, called Sons of Liberty; and liberty-poles were raised throughout the colonies. Many of the flags showed the old loyalty while demanding their rights, and bore such mottoes as "To his Most Gracious Majesty George III., Mr. Pitt, and Liberty," "George Rex and the Liberties of America." Others, however, were bolder, bearing only "Liberty," or "Liberty and Prosperity," or "Liberty and Union." In January, 1775, the sleds which brought wood to Boston carried small union flags; everywhere a vague desire for liberty filled men's hearts, and spoke from the folds of their banners.

During the first months of the war each State had its own flag. The banner of Connecticut contained the arms of the State and the motto, in golden letters, *Qui transtulit sustinet*—"God, who transported us hither, will support us." The motto of Massachusetts was "An Appeal to Heaven." Her flag was white, bearing the motto and a green pine-tree. South Carolina had an ensign of blue with a white crescent, made by order of Colonel Moultrie. It was the flag which, three years later, called forth the heroism of Sergeant Jasper. During the bombardment of Fort Sullivan by the British fleet, under Sir Peter Parker, the crescent flag was shot away, and fell outside the fort. Sergeant Jasper sprang over the parapet, walked the whole length of the fort in the midst of a terrible storm of shot and shell, recovered the flag, and, in sight of the whole fleet, planted it again on the ramparts. At the battle of Lexington the Americans probably carried no flag, and it is doubtful if they had any at Bunker Hill. Some poetry of that time speaks of the "waving streamers," and it is also said that our troops carried a red flag bearing the words "Come if you dare." But the accounts of the battle, published at the time, do not mention any American flag, and old pictures of the conflict do not show any.

In the fall of 1775 Congress appointed a committee to create a navy, but nothing seems to have been done about furnishing the new-made navy with a suitable ensign. The captains accordingly followed their own devices, sailing, probably, under their State flags. One favorite device was a rattlesnake lifting its head and shaking its rattles, with the motto, "Don't tread on me!" Some flags added a mailed hand clinching thirteen arrows. The rattlesnake came very near being our national emblem instead of the eagle. It had often before been used on flags, and its appearance at this time on the ensign of the commander-in-chief of our navy caused much discussion of its claims. One writer, thought by some to be Benjamin Franklin, gave weighty reasons for adopting the rattlesnake. It is found only in America; was considered by the ancients as an emblem of wisdom; its eye is exceeding bright and without eyelids, so it signifies vigilance; it never begins an attack, nor surrenders when assailed; its deadly weapons are concealed in her mouth, so that it appears defenseless; and its wounds, though small, are fatal; while it never attacks without first giving warning. In addition to

all this, its rattles are distinct from each other, yet so firmly united that they cannot be separated, while they also increase in number. But the fact that the rattlesnake is a serpent, and under the curse of God, probably caused its rejection.

Late in 1775 Benjamin Franklin and two other gentlemen, appointed to create a national flag, met at the camp in Cambridge, and adopted the king's colors (the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew), and reunited with them *thirteen stripes*, alternate red and white, showing that, although the colonies united for defense against England's tyranny, they still acknowledged her sovereignty. It is impossible to say why Congress so long delayed this important matter of choosing a flag. No record can be found of Congress having taken any part in this affair at Cambridge, nor is it known when the new flag was adopted *by law*.

It was natural in the colonists to want to retain the king's colors as long as possible, but the origin of the *stripes* is harder to explain. When Washington left Philadelphia to take command of the army at Cambridge, he was escorted to New York by the Philadelphia Light-Horse. This company carried a magnificent banner, one feature of which was a *canton* of thirteen stripes, blue and silver. This may have suggested to Washington the stripes for the new flag; or he may have taken them from his own coat-of-arms, which is not likely; or, as some think, he may have copied the East India Company's flag, which is still less probable. Still others suppose they were copied from the flag of the Netherlands. However it may be, this "grand union flag" was raised on the camp at Cambridge, on the 2d of January, 1776. The king's speech on the trouble with the colonies had just been sent to the camp, so the British in Boston thought the new flag was raised as a token of submission. Nothing, however, was further from the truth. The king's speech was indignantly burned, and thousands of sturdy hearts beat violently to a new patriotism, as the wind lifted the folds of the new banner, which a few hours had made so full of meaning to them. The striped flag also floated over the Virginia Convention which, three weeks before the Declaration, declared the united colonies "free and independent States."

Meanwhile, the cruisers at sea were still carrying their colonial or State flags. John Paul Jones claims that he hoisted "the Flag of America," by his own hand, on board the *Alfred*, this being the first time it was ever displayed by a regular man-o'-war. Probably this "Flag of America" was the new striped flag, though Cooper thinks it was a pine-tree flag, with the rattlesnake and motto. Old John Adams afterward disputed the story of Paul Jones, and claimed the honor for a Massachusetts man. It is probable, however, that the glory belongs to Jones. The admiral's flag at this time was of thirteen stripes, with a rattlesnake undulating over them, and the usual motto, "Don't tread on me!" Commodore Barney, of the *Hornet*, hoisted the first Continental flag ever seen in Maryland. He was in need of a crew for his vessel, and just at that time the

new striped flag arrived from Philadelphia. The commodore, at sunrise the next morning, hoisted it to the music of drums and fifes in front of his recruiting-office, and before night his crew were shipped. The first naval victory under the stripes was won by Captain Barney, in the *Lexington*, who, on the 17th of April, 1776, captured a British vessel, after a severe fight, off the Virginia shores. In the autumn of '76 the armed brig *Reprisal*, carrying Franklin to the French court, first displayed the Continental colors to the curious eyes of the European world; while in July of the same year the brig *Andrea Doria* had been the first to draw a salute from a foreign power for the new flag. The Dutch governor in the harbor of St. Eustatia returned the *Doria's* salute, and was removed from office for his indiscretion. It is said that, after the capture of New York by the British, an American privateer was taken whose flag had only twelve stripes, because we had lost a province.

When the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed from the State-House at Philadelphia, the king's arms were taken down and burned. So the last semblance of allegiance to England was destroyed, and of course the king's colors could not long remain in the American flag. Ensigns of various devices are described as in use during the land-battles of this period, while the "grand union flag" was the official banner.

On the 14th of June, 1777, Congress voted that the American flag should be "thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Here, at last, we have our stars and stripes; but this, as we shall see, was only the *official* adoption of a flag that had already been in use for nearly a year. The origin of the stars in our banner is as obscure as that of the stripes. Some think they were taken, as was said of the stripes, from Washington's coat-of-arms, which, curious enough, contains both stars and stripes. But, if this were so, Washington would probably have referred to it in some way, which he seems never to have done. Others think it was intended to represent the constellation "Lyra," which contains just thirteen stars, and is the symbol of harmony and unity. This, however, cannot be, as Congress expressly says, "representing a new constellation." Doubtless the stars were chosen because they were of all devices the most appropriate to express the truth and character of the new republic. The stars on our banner are five-pointed, while those on our coins have six points. This is because the designers of our flag followed the French, the designers of the coins the English, custom.

It has never been discovered who designed our union of stars. They seem to have arisen as mysteriously out of the twilight as do the stars of evening. It is claimed that Mrs. Ross was the partial designer and the first maker of the stars and stripes. This lady was an upholsterer in Philadelphia, and, in June, 1776, a committee of Congress, with General Washington, called upon her, and engaged her to make a flag, from a rough drawing which they had brought with them.

Mrs. Ross suggested some changes in the design, especially that the stars should be five-pointed instead of six-pointed; and General Washington himself drew the new sketch in her back-parlor. Mrs. Ross was appointed flag-maker to the government, and was succeeded by a relative, who held the position until within thirty years.

In connection with the *colors* of our flag, it is interesting to learn that the little robe in which Washington was baptized—now in possession of Mrs. Lewis, of Woodlawn, Virginia—is made of white silk, lined with crimson silk, and trimmed with blue ribbons.

The newly-invented banner did not at once come into universal use, as we find Captain Richards, as late as the middle of October, 1776, asking the Pennsylvania Council what colors should be used by the fleet. The picture of "Washington on the Field of Trenton," painted by Peale, who commanded a company in that battle, contains the stars and stripes—which is good ground for believing they were used there.

On the first Independence-day—July 4, 1777—this flag was displayed at the celebration in Philadelphia, and from that time onward seems to have waved in nearly all the battles by sea and land. In February, 1778, John Paul Jones, in the *Ranger*, convoyed some American vessels into Quiberon Bay, and induced the French admiral to salute our colors—thus being the first to win honor from a foreign power. Jones showed the stars and stripes from the first ship-of-the-line built for the new United States—the *America*, launched at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on November 5, 1782. The first military glory to gather around the new ensign was at the British attack on Fort Schuyler, on August 2, 1777. When the enemy appeared, the garrison had no colors; but the soldiers at once tore up their shirts for the stripes and stars, while the blue ground was made from a cloak taken from the enemy at Peekskill. Under their roughly-made ensign the little garrison won their victory. One day a sally was made from the fort, when *five* flags were captured from the British, and at once hoisted on the fort's staff, under the home-made victorious colors. Washington's army carried the stars and stripes when, in 1777, he repulsed Cornwallis on the banks of the Assunpink; they waved amid the smoke and roar of Brandywine, and the following battles of the war; looked down upon Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, and that of Cornwallis at Yorktown; and floated throughout that terrible winter at Valley Forge, speaking of hope and courage to the suffering soldiers.

In January, 1781, a daring and brilliant action by Captain Rathburne, of the war-sloop *Providence*, placed our flag for the first time on a foreign fortress. This sloop, with a crew of only fifty men, captured Fort Nassau, in the island of New Providence; spiked the guns, seized the vessels in the harbor, and put to sea again—all in two days. The 25th of November, 1783, is a famous date in the story of our flag. On that day the British evacuated New York, and the very flag raised by our army over the newly-won city was preserved in the Amer-

ican Museum at New York until the building was destroyed by fire.

After the long war had closed, and American independence was secured, the stars and stripes were soon found waving in every breeze under heaven, and floating on all the waters of the globe. They were flying in the Thames, in the very faces of the astonished English, even before the treaty of peace had been signed. The honor of thus early displaying our national flag at the gates of English royalty is claimed for five different vessels, and it is perhaps impossible to settle the dispute. It is enough for us that *our flag was there*.

Even before these vessels arrived, the American colors were shown in London city, and in so remarkable a manner that the story is well worth remembering. It is related in "The Life of Elkanah Watson," a distinguished American, that, being in London near the close of the war, he devoted one hundred guineas, won in a wager, to getting a portrait of himself painted by Copley. The painting was all done except the background, which was to be filled in—as soon as peace should be declared—with a ship bearing to America the joyful news, the rising sun pouring light upon the stars and stripes flying from her gaff. Everything at last was finished but the flag, which the artist was unwilling to paint, as the royal family often came to his studio. On the 5th of December, 1782, the king made his speech recognizing the United States as a nation; Copley immediately, and before dining, went to his studio, and with rapid touches spread the glorious colors upon the canvas. As soon as the king's words were spoken, the American ensign was thus receiving homage under the very eaves of his palace.

When the stars and stripes first sailed into the Chinese port of Canton, the inhabitants were greatly excited. They said a ship had come from the farthest part of the world, with a flag as beautiful as a flower—a compliment to our flag in which all Americans can join. The Celestials called the vessel *Kaw-kee-cheun*—the flower-flag-ship. This name at once became popular, and America is now called *Kaw-kee-koh*—the flower-flag-country. We are told that, in Chinese, *Yankee* (*Yongkee*) means flag of the ocean; and *Washington* (*Wo-shin-tung*) signifies rescue and glory at last. This is very singular and pleasing. The ship *Franklin*, of Salem, whose log-book is preserved in the Essex Institute at that city, was the first to show the national flag in Japanese waters, July, 1799. In 1789-'90 the ship *Columbia* carried our flag around the world, and gave her name to that majestic river on the Pacific coast, discovered by her master, Captain Gray, in 1792. During the years 1792-'94, Vermont and Kentucky joined the Union; and in 1794 Congress changed our flag to fifteen stars and fifteen stripes, to take effect the following May. This act was passed after long discussion, many members thinking the flag should always remain as it was. This altered ensign was the one borne by the noble "Old Ironsides," and by all our vessels during the second war with England.

During the sitting of the French Convention at Paris, on the 14th of August, 1794, the minister plenipotentiary from the United States was led into the hall and received the fraternal kiss and embrace, amid great enthusiasm; and on the 25th of September the new American banner was presented to the Assembly by Captain Barney, in behalf of the United States. This standard was hung in the legislative hall, and afterward borne in the procession at the great funeral of Rousseau, when high honors were shown to the Americans in Paris. The fifteen stars and the fifteen stripes won our victories on the lakes, at New Orleans, at Tripoli, and floated from the *Essex* during her famous fight in the harbor of Valparaiso. In 1797 our ensign was displayed amid the burning city of Smyrna in the Orient; and in 1800 the American frigate *Géorge Washington* waked Constantinople with a thundering salute, to view the emblem of the new nation. When the Turks were told that the frigate came from the country discovered by Columbus, they sent aboard a bunch of flowers and a lamp—the one meaning welcome, and the other friendship.

In 1814 Congress voted to make a collection of the flags which had been captured by our armies and fleets, and they are now preserved in the Flag-room at Washington, and in the Gunner's-room at Annapolis; but the collection is very incomplete, as for many years no care had been taken to gather and preserve these trophies, and the hiding-place of many of them is not even known.

It is not necessary for us to enumerate all the victories the flag has won and the vicissitudes it has undergone during the long period of our history, for they are known to every reader. It is never idle. New stars are continually added to its cluster, and fresh achievements shed lustre upon its folds. It is now marching on to glorious conquests of peace. Alaska is under its dominion; it waves over new possessions in the Pacific, two-thirds of the way to Japan; Stanley is to-day bearing it into the depths of Africa, where never yet has the foot of white man trod; while its latest acquisitions at home make its deep blue glow with the light of thirty-seven stars.

C. H. WOODMAN.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF DRAMATIC LIFE.

THERE is no vocation which presents more glaring contrasts, more striking vicissitudes, than that of the stage—the struggle at the foot of the ladder is, for the most part, so terribly hard, the ultimate triumph sometimes so splendid. Can any personal history afford stronger points in illustration of this than that of Harriet Mellon? The daughter of an almost mythical army-lieutenant by the wardrobe-mender of a company of strolling players, she passed as squalid a childhood as could well be imagined. Then came professional success; then, by her marriage with Mr. Coutts, she became the wealthiest woman in England, and a few years later Duchess of St. Albans. Well

might she say toward the close of her career that few had seen so much of the two extremes of life as herself. It was, indeed, a remarkable transformation-scene, that of the Irish peasant's destitute child into her grace the Duchess of St. Albans, among the first ten women of the realm, with a revenue of one hundred thousand pounds a year.

Mrs. Siddons's early career was also a hard one, if its rewards were scarcely less brilliant; but these are the queens of the stage, whose ultimate triumphs go far to obliterate their early trials. How many are there, on the other hand, to whom the trials come, but never the triumphs!

In the theatrical profession, far more than in others, the big stars are everything. There is not that career for the moderately good which other lines of life offer.

The great advocate or physician makes his fifty thousand dollars a year, but at the same time many comparatively mediocre men earn handsome incomes; but on the stage there is a far greater gulf fixed between first-rate talent and all below it; so that it is a hard matter for those possessing only the latter to save a competence. Moreover, the dramatic is not naturally an economic temperament, and the temptations to expense are in divers ways exceptionally great. At the same time it is indisputable that actors and actresses have as a class been culpably wanting in prudence, self-control, and self-respect. Here and there have been bright instances of contrary qualities, and they have rarely failed in winning appreciation from men in the various walks of life; but the character of the profession generally was, up to twenty-five years ago, thriftless, unprincipled, and vicious.

To take a salient example, there are few actors to whom the Anglo-Saxon world owes more joyous hours than to Charles Matthews. How many weary and anxious hearts has he not cheered! The merchant has forgotten his growing anxieties as he laughed like his own children at "Cool as a Cucumber," and the most blasé has lost his *ennui* in his diversion at that of *Sir Charles Coldstream*. Charles Matthews, to whom even the officers of the Sheriff of Middlesex are reported to have lent money, is, indeed, not a man on whom any one can lightly pass harsh comments; but still it is not to be denied that no man of his time has contributed more than he to give his profession a character for recklessness in money matters. We have never heard that it was a trait of his father, and possibly he may have caught the infection—where assuredly it was to be caught—during the many months he passed with the Blesingtons and D'Orsay, at the most impressionable period of life. At any rate, it has been a conspicuous defect in his character, and a curious and melancholy point it is that he has never seemed in the slightest degree ashamed of it. When he gave his "Entertainments" in London ten years ago, in the Bijou Theatre attached to Her Majesty's, the drop was a picture of Lancaster Castle, selected for such prominence for the extraordinary reason that he had there been confined for debt! This he seemed to think an excellent joke, and he told how, as he was leav-

ing Lancaster, a stranger in the town looked up at the castle and said, "Ah, they've got poor Charley Matthews there!" It is to this recklessness that a good deal of that intensely strong prejudice against the dramatic profession is due which was felicitously and pointedly portrayed by *Punch* a few weeks ago in a capital sketch. An elderly female of a severely-respectable appearance had come to see a lady about the place of house-keeper. "Your name?" said the lady. "It is Shakespeare, ma'am; but" (with emphasis) "no relation to the play-actor of that name!"

Happily in these times, and in this country especially, quite a change has taken place. There are in New York actors of large fortune, fathers of families, leading as exemplary a domestic life as any merchant or lawyer. Such persons do more even by their daily life than by their professional ability to give credit to their calling, and raise it in the eyes of the public, which does not know or appreciate its members half so much as it should do; for theatrical artists live very much to themselves, and give the world little chance of penetrating their *vie intime*.

Now and again, however, chance uplifts the veil, and then not seldom reveals to us a very grateful side of domestic life. We learn what kind hearts and generous sympathies have those of whom we know so much on the boards, so little off them. This must have come home to many who lately read the account of the funeral at "the little church round the corner" of George Belmore, the well-known character-actor. For a man to be stricken down at forty-seven, in the zenith of professional success, is in itself a melancholy event to contemplate, but in his case there were circumstances of exceptional sadness. Mr. Belmore had, unfortunately, been induced to risk his savings in a speculation. He lost all, and the rude hand of the law was thrust into his home. Having a wife and seven children to support, he resolved to try and retrieve his fortune in this country. He came, and was so far succeeding that not only did he maintain his family, but contrived, by severe self-denial, to remit considerable sums to his creditors. But illness overtook him; still, he would not give in. Just as Walter Scott clutched the pen which was working for his creditors, albeit he knew full well that death was in its grasp, so Belmore, a dying man, clung to the boards with a like honorable object in view. But this could not last long. On the 15th of November the broken-hearted man died, alone in a foreign land. And yet never was a sick-bed better tended; never were obsequies more sedulously honored. For Mr. Belmore belonged to a profession which recognizes its members as brothers and sisters, and which, it seems to us, can justly claim a larger share of heart than any other. For what other profession would have gathered so thickly at the grave, or shown such marks of delicate kindness? One graceful tribute formed the words, "Alice and our children," in white flowers. It was what its sender thought poor Mrs. Belmore would have liked to have placed there herself; while from a lady, who had tenderly nursed the friend gone to his rest, came a beautiful wreath,

from which stood out the words, "Not friendless." Not friendless, indeed! 'Twere better to be a member of such a society in time of sorrow and sickness than to be one of many a family—too often "a little more than kin, and less than kind."

It is this warm-hearted charity in its widest sense which has ever covered a multitude of social shortcomings and peccadilloes in the histrionic profession. But, happily, in these days the peccadilloes seem disappearing, while the loving-kindness—for that is the word for it—remains. We trust each year will see the theatre holding a more honorable place, and theatrical artists displaying more and more those prudent qualities which earn men respect all the world over, while they retain all those which give such a special charm to their vocation.

TO NELLIE,

AT SEVENTEEN.

NELLIE, when you were only three,
I wrote you your first verses;
Your baby-charms most faithfully
That early lay rehearsals:
Your pretty eyes, your flaxen curls,
Flashed in my playful rhyming,
Your silvery laugh, like raining pearls,
Through all the measure chiming.

I must not use so free to-day
The metaphors of beauty,
But count your worth another way,
Along the line of duty.
The "courses of the sun" have wrought
Life's miracle upon you;
And the mute ministries of thought
To womanhood have won you.

Another light is in your eyes
Than shone in childhood's fashion,
And in their depth a lustre lies—
The twilight gleam of passion.
Another tone your laughter takes
Than your fourth April rounded,
And in your voice a meaning wakes
Your prattle never sounded.

Of April born, your life has been
A spell of April weather;
And all its years to seventeen
Shown smiles and tears together.
As April skies mix sun and shower,
In sweet or sad surprises,
Thus your young life from bud to flower
Before my memory rises.

But April moods we count *de trop*,
When spring in summer lapses;
And when your years to twenty grow,
'Tis of the sweet perhappes
That time and grace will so have wrought
To worth your April humor
(My wish is father to the thought),
We'll praise your perfect summer.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NOW that the Centennial year is ushered upon us, we may expect to hear the clamorous overture to the great drama of "Patriotism," which has so long been announced for production with a superb spectacular display and an unparalleled cast. It must be conceded that the stage is large, the preparation thorough, the outlay great, and the promise of an immense audience encouraging.

There can be little doubt but we shall find the play thrilling and the spectacle brilliant. It may take a little time to put the scenery in good working order, and, as upon the occasion of all great spectacles, the first performance in all likelihood will halt somewhat; but ere the summer is on the wane we shall see the varied and glittering show perfected in all its multifarious and alluring aspects.

While we do not question the ultimate success of the scenic features of the great performance, we have fears that the actors will overdo their parts. There is no sentiment in the world like patriotism for acting upon the expansive and aeronautic tendencies of human nature. It seems to unlock all the airy forces of the cerebral arch, to loosen judgment and reason, and to send the fancy in a wild riot through space. It needs always to be watched, clipped, kept within bounds; and hence all the actors who are to take part in the imposing drama at Philadelphia need of all things to be taught to moderate their transports.

It is not to be denied that our hundred years of history justify considerable exaltation, but some of us are too prone to attribute the wonderful achievements of this period to our republican institutions, forgetting that every other civilized people have also made great strides in the things of which we boast. Great cities abroad have sprung up, and old cities have immensely enlarged their boundaries; while arts, sciences, education, wealth, invention, material development in all its branches, have achieved their amazing triumphs. What wonderful growth and development Germany has exhibited in the period that we mark out as a century! What transpositions England and France have undergone during the same epoch! We may justly hope that some of these great results abroad are due to the spread of those republican principles that a hundred years ago we proclaimed to the world; but we should sadly delude ourselves if we assumed that material progress, intellectual development, or popular education, are things that we have in any measure whatsoever exhibited more notably than some of the peoples of Europe.

In purely material things we could have

made a better show of hands before the war. We had a splendid marine then, and could have pointed with pride to our many ships in every ocean. Where are they now? None of the arts have advanced since that period sufficiently to give us anything to compensate for this great loss and decline. We have built a few more railways, it is true, and we have greatly added to the comfort of railway-traveling; some of our cities have expanded in size and added to their attractions; a few of the arts can possibly make a better exhibit; but altogether the last decade and a half has given us little accretion to be proud of. Some of us will rejoice that slavery no longer stains our escutcheon, and all may be proud of a patriotic devotion attested by many a well-fought field; but against these facts in our favor are ugly records of corruption and political flagrancy. In truth, it is within later years that serious apprehensions have arisen as to the soundness of our great republican experiment. We are preparing to celebrate, with glittering show and noisy clamor, the centennial anniversary of a great political declaration of rights, at the very moment when a distrust is creeping into the hearts of many of us as to the practical possibility of republican government.

It is for these reasons that it becomes us to be moderate in tone; and these facts make it incumbent upon us to study and see if the signs give hopeful augury of the future. That republican institutions allow grand scope for the energies of the individual, and permit the humblest citizen to work out his destiny in his own way—to attain wealth by his industry, social place by his personal virtues, and power by his talents—these are facts everywhere acknowledged. But do republican institutions necessarily bring corrupt men into official place? do they commonly throw power into the hands of the demagogues? do they force the better class of citizens out of public life? do they fail to promote order and sobriety among the people, and tend to lift the unfaithful to places of authority?

To our mind, mortifying as many events in our recent history have been, there is no cause for despondency. There is nothing either anomalous or unprecedented in self-seeking "rings," or in conspiracies of officials to make dishonest fortunes by means of the opportunities their position affords. There is really nothing new about our "rings" except the epithet by which they are known. There is not a country in Europe in which "rings" have not, now and then, flourished to a ranker growth than we have yet witnessed. Free as English public life is now of dishonest practices, there has been a time when its public men outdid ours in shamelessness; and public spirit, which has

done so much there to bring about a reform, is certain ere long to effectually purge our political life. We have no reason to despond of our future, or to doubt the efficacy of republican government; but we have great need to learn that, just as liberty is the price of vigilance, so purity in office can only be maintained by a restless and thorough watchfulness on our part. Our chief danger is lest familiarity with public malfeasance should finally weary people into a dangerous indifference to it. We must see to it that the present aroused feeling is not a mere spasm of virtue. There must be a sustained determination on the part of the people to check the corruption of officials and the raids of conspirators upon the public money; and we hope and believe that one salutary effect of the Centennial will be to strengthen the public resolve that a republic whose history has been so fair, in which so many hopes have been embarked, which has accomplished so much for the welfare of man, shall not be wrecked because there are pirates among the crew.

Let our Centennial, therefore, be celebrated with all modesty; not underrating what we have done, nor overrating it; clearly recognizing the good of our institutions, but acknowledging where errors have crept in and evil has been done. Let it go off with spirit and faith, but above all things let our glowing patriotism fortify us in the resolution that hereafter our political life must reveal a better story.

THE future historian will scarcely have much to say of the good year 1875. The drama of the world's progress has moved pretty evenly on, the great plot of human destiny having been quickened by few incidents, and by not a single grand crisis or *dénouement*. For what the cynics tell us is a very quarrelsome, cross-grained, and discontented race of beings, the last two years have been, on the whole, gratefully serene. Monarchies, republics, despotisms, and hierarchies, present few changes from their condition on the last day of 1873. Most nations, as they enter upon the new year, may rest their eyes upon expanses passed but little broken by rugged cliffs, upon paths but little devious by reason of obstacles to the even tenor of their way. Whether the happy old year may be taken as a promise of a happy new one, is a problem involved in that mystery of mysteries, the future.

In the United States we have been unusually free from "startling disasters," whether political, moral, or material. The public mind has scarcely been stirred by feeble rumors of war, and has been in the main absorbed by such incidents as the Beecher trial, the escape of Tweed, the investiga-

tions into whiskey and canal frauds, the state of our commerce and finances, preparations for the Centennial, and somewhat exciting though not very momentous elections. The crash here and there of a large commercial house or bank, the embezzlement here and there by a trusted merchant or cashier, with a weary continuance of a state of commercial depression, have been, it is true, rather sombre features of the business year; but as the year has waned there have arisen encouraging evidences of a revival of trade, and the pronounced desire of the country for a speedy return to a specie basis has encouraged hopes that we are gradually emerging from the too long-drawn period of commercial depression and torpor. Our crops have been, on the whole, good; our trade with Europe has increased, and the values of our exports and of our imports have drawn somewhat nearer together. Meanwhile, the able administration of our finances, aided by a reviving prosperity, has enabled the Government to show, in some months, a gratifying surplus of revenue over expenditure. Happily, the result has proved that the proposed "force bill" was not necessary to the maintenance of tranquillity in the South. That section has been in the main quiet, progressive, and orderly, the effect of amnesty and the restoration of self-government to the Southern States having proved good. The hope seems to be warranted that the process of "reconstruction" is practically finished; that even now we have almost, if not quite, reached the point where we are again one nation in sentiment and spirit, as well as in form.

Literature, always and logically sensitive to the prosaic condition and movements of general business, has been sympathetically dull. If, however, no new stars of the first magnitude have appeared in the literary firmament, death has still spared to us the honored group of bards, historians, and essayists, who have long been recognized and cherished. Death, indeed, has been especially merciful in avoiding eminent Americans; in politics the most distinguished of the departed were ex-President Andrew Johnson and Vice-President Wilson, both of whom belonged to the ante-war and war periods, and left completed records of long and honest service to the nation. On the whole, we may pass over the knoll which shuts out from our view the old year rather with that feeling of regretful and quiet sadness with which we part from what has been a pleasant companionship than with the keen sorrow aroused by leaving behind a season untoward in calamities and disasters.

An uncertain cloud of war has overhung Europe throughout the year, but has not broken into storm. Toward the close of the

year, this cloud became darker and more lowering, in consequence of the breaking out of a rebellion in the Christian Turkish province of Bosnia, to which was added a partial repudiation of the Turkish debt. The rebellion still remains unsubdued, and has assumed a desultory form; nor have the allied powers of Russia, Austria, and Germany, taken as yet any decisive measures for the settlement of the Eastern question. Early in the year Spain abandoned what was a virtual military dictatorship though a nominal republic, and called Alfonso, the young son of the deposed Queen Isabella, to the throne of a restored monarchy. The Carlist and Cuban rebellions, however, remain unsubdued, though the former seems to be failing in spirit and resources. The most notable English events have been the purchase of a controlling interest in the Suez Canal by the government, in order, as Lord Derby says, "to obtain additional security and uninterrupted access to India;" and the visit of the Prince of Wales to his future empire of Hindostan.

England, France, and the United States, have been visited by destructive floods, those in France, especially, having been terribly fatal to life and property. Explosions in English collieries, the loss of several Atlantic steamers, the dreadful disaster of Bremerhaven, were incidents of the year, recalled with horror and not easily to be forgotten. Germany has continued its crusade against the Papal Church, and a noteworthy incident has been the visit of the emperor to King Victor Emmanuel.

The year has been signalized by at least one important discovery—that of the main source of the Nile, in a river flowing from the southern end of Lake Victoria Nyanza, by our countryman Stanley. The return of one of the English arctic ships has revived hopes of important results from the rest of the expedition. The closing month of the year has witnessed the completion of the new French Constitution, the election by the Assembly of one-fourth of the new Senate for life, and the preparations of the Assembly to at last dissolve itself and permit France to express her will in the choice of a new Legislature.

DURING the last three or four years the American public has had the advantage of becoming well acquainted with the works of E. Marlitt, a remarkable German novelist, who has been singularly fortunate in a translator. Mrs. Wister possesses that accurate knowledge both of German and of her mother-tongue which enables her to give to a translation almost the force and spirit of the original. Regarded merely as romances, these works are of absorbing interest; but their writer has evidently a deeper motive than that of merely interesting the reader.

If not absolutely written expressly with politico-social ends, it is very clear to the reader that one, if not more, is steadily kept in view. Throughout their pages you find cropping up the writer's hatred of those class-distinctions which are to this hour so marked in Germany.

We have been reminded of this by the report of an affair which is stated to have excited a lively sensation in the aristocratic circles of Berlin. For the absolute correctness of the details we cannot undertake to vouch, but they appear to us highly probable, and all the more so that we are able to recall a case almost identical. It is reported there that a young Count Eulenburg so far forgot the obligations of *noblesse* as to fall in love with Fräulein Schaffer, daughter of the proprietor of a well-known newspaper. Terrible as was the shock which the tidings of this plebeian attachment conveyed to the count's guardsmen comrades, there was a direr blow to follow. The horrid truth presently leaked out that their brother-officer's future father-in-law had formerly been—a bookbinder! A case so desperate admitted of no delay in applying a remedy. Two of the misguided young man's brother-officers were forthwith deputed to expostulate with him, and to point out that it was utterly repugnant to the manners, customs, and traditions of his imperial majesty's guards for any officer in that corps to mate with a lady not noble. But what is reason in the ears of Cupid's victims? So far from acceding to these cogent arguments, the hot-headed lover promptly challenged the ambassadors to mortal combat, as having dared to reflect on his future wife. However, the rigorous rules of the imperial service very properly insist that, before a duel is fought by subordinate officers, the colonel must be consulted, and Eulenburg consequently had to place the matter before his commanding officer. That functionary entirely sustained the officers who had deprecated the marriage, whereupon the exasperated youth challenged the colonel himself. The result of this temerity was a court-martial, and the would-be bridegroom of the fair *bourgeoise* is condemned to eighteen months' detention in a fortress.

But, without discussing the discretion of this unfortunate suitor, we would, taking his case as a sample, ask how much longer will this ridiculous mediæval sort of barrier be placed between class and class in Germany and Austria? It is a monstrous anachronism, and ought to come to an end. Those who dilate on the pride and exclusiveness of the British aristocracy know little of such qualities if they have only seen them on English soil. It is not in London, but in Berlin, Vienna, and the Faubourg St.-Germain, that this absurd sentiment as to the accident of birth

culminates. Why, there are not ten noblemen in England whom these Germans would consider as of noble blood, since nearly all have, at some time or other, allied themselves with "the city," if they have not actually sprung from it, and therefore have not been driven, as so many German noblemen are, to combine a maximum of pretension with a minimum of means; to resort, in fact, to those shabby shifts and to endure those privations so vividly portrayed in "The Second Wife."

Class demarkation cannot, we believe, exist much longer in Germany. It is too utterly opposed to the spirit of the age. The emperor cannot live much longer, and, with a new reign, a new *régime* may be anticipated. The crown prince and princess are no ordinary people. If, with admirable prudence and self-control, they have hitherto held aloof from interference and bided their time, they are, we may rest assured, none the less observant and informed, and the point pressed so especially upon the reader in these eloquent stories has not escaped them. No aristocracy can henceforth stand on a firm foundation and exercise a wholesome influence which does not come from the ranks and go to the ranks. To this the British House of Lords largely owes its almost uninterrupted stability.

Books and Authors.

THE fifth volume of Bancroft's "Native Races of the Pacific States"¹ treats of the "Primitive History" of the American aborigines, and, as we predicted, it tells us exactly how much and how little is certainly known concerning the mysterious peoples whose civilizations preceded our own on the North American Continent. With no theory of his own to maintain, but with perfect openness to the theories of others, and an impartial desire to get the actual facts, whatever they may tend to prove, Mr. Bancroft gives an analytical account of all that has been thought and written upon the subject, showing, with as little criticism as possible, the facts upon which each theory is based, and the arguments which have been brought forward to sustain it. Beginning with the proposition held by the earliest Spanish writers that the Americans are the direct descendants of Noah, he states successively the theories of those who find evidences of a Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian, Phœnician, Carthaginian, Hebrew, Scandinavian, or Welsh origin, and traces out the supposed method in which the peopling in each case was brought about. It is thus seen with a clearness which only such juxtaposition could secure that these theories are for the most part mutually destructive; that the same facts serve as the basis for the most diverse

¹ The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Volume V. Primitive History. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1876.

inferences and conclusions; and that, even in the case of the most plausible theory, the points of difference are much more difficult to explain *ex hypothesi* than the points of similarity. In so far as Mr. Bancroft can be said to have a preference, he evidently leans toward the theory of autochthonous origin, though he thinks it possible, and even probable, that the culture of the aborigines may have been modified to a considerable extent by immigrants and castaways from various nations of the Old World. Here are his remarks on this branch of the subject:

"It is not impossible that strange ships of many nations have at various times and in various places been cast upon the American coast, or even that adventurous spirits, who were familiar with the old-time stories of a western land, may have designedly sailed westward until they reached America, and have never returned to tell the tale. The result of such desultory visits would be exactly what has been noticed, but erroneously attributed to immigration *en masse*. The strangers, were their lives spared, would settle among the people, and impart their ideas and knowledge to them. This knowledge would not take any very definite shape or have any very decided effect, for the reason that the sailors and adventurers who would be likely to land in America under such circumstances would not be thoroughly versed in the arts or sciences; still they would know many things that were unknown to their captors or hosts, and would doubtless be able to suggest many improvements. This, then, would account for many Old-World ideas and customs that have been detected here and there in America, while at the same time the difficulty which arises from the fact that the resemblances, though striking, are yet very few, would be satisfactorily avoided. The foreigners, if adopted by the people they fell among, would, of course, marry women of the country and beget children, but it cannot be expected that the physical peculiarities so transmitted would be perceptible after a generation or two of remarrying with the aboriginal stock. At the same time I think it just as probable that the analogies referred to are mere coincidences, such as might be found among any civilized or semi-civilized people of the earth. It may be argued that the various American tribes and nations differ so materially from each other as to render it extremely improbable that they are derived from one original stock, but, however this may be, the difference can scarcely be greater than that which apparently exists between many of the Aryan branches.

"Hence it is many not unreasonably assume that the Americans are autochthones until there is some good ground given for believing them to be of exotic origin. To express belief, however, in a theory incapable of proof appears to me idle. Indeed, such belief is not belief; it is merely acquiescing in or accepting an hypothesis or tradition until the contrary is proved. No one at the present day can tell the origin of the Americans; they may have come from any one or from all the hypothetical sources enumerated in the foregoing pages, and here the question must rest until we have more light upon the subject."

Having thus disposed of the various "origin theories," Mr. Bancroft next takes up the creation-myths, flood-myths, hero-myths, migration traditions, traditional annals, and hieroglyphic records of the different aboriginal nations; points out their resemblances and differences; and indicates the historical inferences which may legitimately be drawn from them. These lead him gradually on to

the comparatively firm ground of the native and Spanish chroniclers and historians, whence one can look back with something like complacency upon the shifting sands, treacherous morasses, and labyrinthine paths that have been traversed in reaching it. The chapters on the Toltec period, the Chichimec period, and especially those on the Aztec period, are fine examples of sound historical method combined with animated narrative; but neither Prescott's admirable history nor Help's painstaking work quite reconciles us to the fact that Mr. Bancroft brings his narrative to a close with the landing of Hernan Cortes. No doubt he is in possession of material which would enable him to illuminate many obscure points in the history of the Conquest, and it is to be hoped that he will act upon the intention intimated in one of the closing chapters, and extend his researches into this field.

The present volume brings the "Native Races of the Pacific States" to a conclusion, and it may truly be said of it that *finis coronat opus*. In a modest preface prefixed to the volume, Mr. Bancroft expresses a fear lest the praise so universally extended to his work is too liberal; but, even should this prove to be true to a certain extent, there is no doubt that it is an important work, admirably planned, and faithfully executed, and that it is one of the noblest contributions that America has made to the literature of research.

The volume contains two maps, and the index to the entire work. The index embraces twelve or fifteen thousand entries, and reduces the vast mass of facts to something like an organic whole.

If American readers of the present generation are not familiar with the treasures of English poetry, it certainly comes from no lack of assistance on the part of compilers of anthologies. Dana's, Bryant's, and Palgrave's collections are all well known, and admirable of their kind; Emerson's "Parnassus" was noticed in one of last year's numbers of the JOURNAL; Kendrick's "Poetical Favorites" still figures among recent publications; and before this latter has ceased to be a novelty, Whittier has gathered for us what he considers best among the "Songs of Three Centuries" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). It is due to this collection to say that it does not pretend to be complete even for the period to which it is limited; like Emerson's "Parnassus," it is designed rather to represent the compiler's personal preferences than the verdict of the critics and the public. Indeed, its exceptional fullness in the department assigned to recent and contemporary verse makes it rather a supplement to the older collections than a competitor with them; while the number of American authors cited gives it a more national character than is usual in such compendiums.

The arrangement of the volume is chronological, and the period covered extends from Spenser to the present time—a rather liberal three centuries, as the author of the first poem was born in 1510, while some of the selections are from books issued late in 1875. The poems selected are for the most part

short, and some are made shorter still by eliminations. They are also chiefly lyrical, as the title implies, even the dramatists being represented only by their songs. A characteristic feature of the collection, and by no means the least attractive one, is the number of hymns and devotional poems which it includes. Whittier's judgment, or instinct, is better here than in some other portions of his field, and he is entitled to claim that his book contains "the best hymns in our language." The limitations of his taste are indicated, partially at least, by the fact that, while scarcely any one of the recent American minor poets is overlooked, there is not a line from Walt Whitman, and that Swinburne, whose lyrics are unsurpassed, is represented by but a single slight piece. Of Whittier's own poems, it is interesting to know that he regards as best "The Grave by the Lake," "My Birthday," "The Vanishers," "In School-Days," "Laus Deo," and "The Eve of Election."

As to the object of the book, the compiler states that he has catered not so much for the scholarly few as for the great mass of readers to whose "snatched leisure" his brief lyrical selections would seem to have a special adaptation; and it is certain that, whatever the "scholarly few" may find to criticize in it, the collection is almost sure to be popular.

MOST holiday-books are intended to be looked at rather than read, but Mr. Gill's "Laurel Leaves" (Boston: Wm. F. Gill & Co.) deviates from the general usage so far as to present an abundance of good literature in a volume which is at the same time a highly-creditable specimen of the book-maker's art. Had it been issued early enough to have been included among our "holiday-books," we should certainly have given it a foremost place in the list; and to those of our readers for whom it may have lost its strictly "holiday" interest by the time this notice reaches them, we may commend it as a collection of poems, stories, and essays, well worth attention at any time, and likely to be permanently attractive. The book was planned and edited by Mr. William F. Gill, the publisher, and contains poems by Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Tennyson, Holmes, Bayard Taylor, Whittier, Trowbridge, Swinburne, R. H. Stoddard, Charles Kingsley, Tom Taylor, William Ellery Channing, William Winter, J. Boyle O'Reilly, Edward S. Rand, Jr., Louise Chandler Moulton, Margaret J. Preston, Sarah Helen Whitman, Nora Perry, and "Gail Hamilton;" stories by Edward Eggleston, Geo. Cary Eggleston, J. W. DeForest, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Louise Chandler Moulton, and Louisa M. Alcott, the latter of whom addresses the little folks; essays by E. P. Whipple, T. W. Higginson, Charles Dudley Warner, "H. H.," A. Bronson Alcott, William Mathews, Wm. F. Gill, and Frederic Vieux; and a so-called funny piece by John Paul. A large proportion of these were written expressly for "Laurel Leaves," and nearly all are either new or of comparatively recent production. Mr. Gill is mistaken, however, in thinking that Tennyson's "Black Eyes" has "never been published

previously." It was current in England several years ago, and was reproduced here, we believe, in one of the eclectic publications; but it is good enough for a place in any collection, and will doubtless prove fresh to many readers. Not least among the literary attractions is a fac-simile of an autograph letter by Dr. Holmes accepting the dedication of the volume.

The illustrations are upward of sixty in number, and their general excellence is guaranteed by the names of Thomas Moran, Alfred Fredericks, Birket Foster, Hammett Billings, Sol Eytinge, and Robert Lewis, among the designers, and of Bobbett, John Andrew & Son, and Dalziel Brothers, among the engravers. Paper and printing are excellent, and the binding is very chaste and tasteful, and yet appropriate to a book which is to be handled as well as looked at.

IF "Guido and Lita: A Tale of the Riviera" (New York: Macmillan & Co.) had been written by an author untitled and as little known to literature as the Marquis of Lorne, it would have received but slight attention; and as the American critic, at least, is under no constraint to regard his lordship as a marquis rather than as a poet, we shall be excused, perhaps, if we say briefly that it is a very amateurish and commonplace production. Whoever has attended college-commencements and listened to the rhymings of the "class-poet" has heard something for which "Guido and Lita" might easily be mistaken; for, if the theme is different, the theme is in both cases a subordinate matter, and there is a very marked similarity between them in the indifference to sense, the conventional phrasing, and the evident determination to make rhymes at whatever expense to syntax and prosody. As to the tale which the marquis tells, it is pretty enough, and he has chosen a measure which, with its rapid movement and frequently-recurring rhymes, is well adapted for a narrative poem. The trouble with the book is, that it is essentially and utterly commonplace. With all its fluency of words and labored descriptions, there is not a couplet, a phrase, or an image, which reveals either the insight or the observation of the true poet.

The book is published with all the modern luxury of paper, printing, gilding, and illustration, and is very pleasing to the eye; but, if the printer is responsible for the punctuation, the Marquis of Lorne has good excuse for feeling that essentials have been sacrificed to mere accessories. There is scarcely a sentence which is punctuated rightly, and we found ourselves repeatedly puzzling over an involution which the simple elimination of a comma, or the substitution of a comma for a semicolon, straightened out perfectly.

VERY few tourists, farmers or otherwise, have such fruit to show for a summer vacation as Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., offers us in his "A Farmer's Vacation" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). During a journey which seems to have occupied little more than a month, he traveled somewhat leisurely through the most interesting parts of Hol-

land, more rapidly through Brittany and Normandy, and visited the Channel islands of Jersey, Guernsey, and Sark. Colonel Waring is a keen observer, and what he describes he describes vividly and picturesquely; but he is more interested in the industries of the people than in the customary tourists' sight-seeing, and we learn a good deal more of farming, manufacturing, and engineering processes, and of social habits and customs, than of cathedrals, art-collections, architecture, and the like. His description of the drainage system of Holland, for example, and of the gigantic engineering feats by which the drainage has been accomplished, impresses us with a new conception of the indomitable courage, patient perseverance, and enormous wealth of a people who have literally wrested from the ocean and live in a land which lies many feet below the level of the sea, and even below the level of the very rivers and canals which drain it. Even to read of these things and of the civilization built upon them, has something of the effect which the actual sight of them had upon Colonel Waring, namely, to impair the brilliancy of "that mysterious inner light which comes of American birth and education, and gives the look, from above downward, with which we so justly scrutinize the less-favored civilizations of Europe."

The book is eminently readable, notwithstanding the fact that instruction is aimed at rather than amusement; and what the text lacks in picturesqueness is liberally compensated by the illustrations. These are numerous, characteristic, and for the most part very well engraved; and few books of the season have been issued in more attractive style.

THE title of Mr. Charles Hallock's "Camp Life in Florida" (New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Company), suggesting as it does simply a narrative of adventure, is rather misleading, and does scant justice to a very useful book. The book is really a handbook for settlers, travelers, and sportsmen, and gives a nearly complete description, for the most part from personal observation, of the geography, climate, and productions of Florida; points out eligible places for settlement, or for a temporary sojourn for health or pleasure; describes the various routes of travel, coastwise and internal; and gives many practical hints which will prove useful to all desiring to become either permanent or temporary residents. It is particularly full in all information pertaining to sport, including yachting, boating, hunting, and fishing; and, besides a classification and description of all the different kinds of game and of the localities which they frequent, offers very valuable suggestions as to outfit and expenses. Mr. Hallock declares emphatically that there is no place on this continent like Florida for game and fish; and we can easily believe him when we read that "quail are plenty in the neighborhood of St. Augustine, and within a few miles deer and wild-turkeys are abundant, while occasionally one gets a chance for a 'scrimmage' with a bear or panther."

Of course the value of such a book de-

pends largely upon the disinterestedness of the information which it imparts, and it is not encouraging to read the many acknowledgments of favors and courtesies; but it is only fair to say that we find no indication of bias or prejudice. The contents of the book are badly arranged, and it stands greatly in need of either an index or an analytical table of contents. As it is, one has to read the whole of it in order to find what it offers, and must then trust to memory in referring to any desired item.

MR. RUSKIN remonstrates with the London *Daily Telegraph* for saying that his utterances are few and far between, and, in disproof of the assertion, states that he now has six books going through the press in parts, namely: "Fors," "Ariadne," "Love's Meinie," "Proserpina," "Deucalion," and "Mornings in Florence." Besides these, he has written and published in the last six years four volumes of university lectures; inaugural lectures, "Aratra Pentelici," "Val d'Arno," and "Eagle's Nest"—"every word of them weighed with care;" besides these, again, a course of lectures on "Florentine Sculpture," given last year, and not yet printed, "the substance of it being in remodification for 'Mornings in Florence.'" He announces, further, that he intends to cut to pieces and remodel his former writings on art ("Modern Painters," "Stones of Venice," "Seven Lamps," and "Elements of Drawing"), "because in the first three all the religious notions are narrow, and many false; and in the fourth there is a vital mistake about outline, doing great damage to all the rest."

The *Spectator*, in a cursory notice of the *Contemporary* of last month, contributes something to the discussion of Walt Whitman's poetical character. It says: "Mr. Peter Bayne on 'Walt Whitman' seems to us to miss the only object which could make such an article interesting. That Walt Whitman has written much blatant rubbish, many obscenities, and much that is no more poetical than an auctioneer's catalogue is, is true enough, and is admitted, we fancy, by most of his admirers, among whom we certainly do not reckon ourselves. But the point to be explained is, why this man, who wrote this dirty rubbish, is considered by so many the true poet of democracy? Swinburne, Rossetti, Dowden, Buchanan, and the rest, may all be mistaken, but their fault as critics has not usually been the deification of weakness and intellectual sterility. They must see something in Whitman beyond blatancy and obscenity—Mr. Rossetti, for instance, who has published a clean edition—and the need now is to find out what it is, a question toward the solution of which Mr. Bayne gives us no light."

As we made Carlyle's supposed letter, flinging disdain upon Harvard University for its offering him a degree, the subject of comment, we are glad to be able to say that that letter was an audacious hoax. What he really wrote to President Eliot, under date of November 23d, was as follows: "Some days ago I received your courteous and obliging letter, and along with it the university diploma appointed for me on the 30th of June last, which now lies safely reposed here. In return for all which I can only beg you to express to the governing boards of the university my lively sense of the honor they have done me, and my cordial thanks for this proof of their friendly regard, which I naturally wish may long continue on their part. Toward Harvard University I have long had a feeling of affection—in some respects almost veneration—and to Harvard and to you, its distinguished president,

I now cordially wish all manner of prosperity and good esteem from wise men on both sides of the ocean."

The well-known story of Barbara Freitchie has at last been proved to be mythical by a writer in the *Chicago Tribune*. The old lady did keep a Union flag unfurled at her window, and has been known to push off the gray-coats with her stick as they sat on the curbstone; but no such scene occurred between Barbara and the Confederate commander as related in Whittier's poem, the Southern troops never having passed through the street on which she lived. Thus vanishes one of our heroic legends, but, fortunately, the poem is as good as if the incident which it relates had really happened.

A LETTER to Mr. Trelawney from his daughter, published in a late number of the *London Times*, gives a touch of tragedy to Shelley's melancholy death. The writer says: "A little while ago, there died at Spezzia an old sailor, who, in his last confession to the priest (whom he told to make it public), stated that he was one of the crew that ran down the boat containing Shelley and Williams, which was done under the impression that the rich Milord Byron was on board with lots of money. They did not intend to sink the boat, but to board her and murder Byron."

M. EDMOND ABOUT, reviewing in the last *Athenaeum* the first volume of M. Taine's new work, just published in Paris, says: "Never before has a book been written against the Revolution so full of arguments in favor of the Revolution."

MR. GLADSTONE has a new work in press entitled "The Time and Place of Homer in History." Like his "Juventus Mundi," the new work will be a vigorous defense of the historical character of the Homeric poems against the attacks of modern criticism.

The Arts.

A FEW weeks since we gave in the *JOURNAL* a short account of Mr. Colman's studies in the north of Africa as well as of his work in other places. Mr. R. Swain Gifford has returned to New York from a still more extended residence in the same countries that Mr. Colman visited, and has brought home with him a large collection of pictures, partly of the architectural class, made in his excursions to Tlemsin and Mansoorah in company with Mr. Colman, and a variety of studies consisting of interesting landscapes and groups of Moors, painted in the province of Constantine, the old Numidia, still farther removed from the Mediterranean than were the regions where Mr. Colman was his companion.

We are all familiar with the geography of North Africa as we study it in schoolbooks, and travelers have by pen or pencil made us acquainted with many of the large features of the country. But it remains for the artist to fix in poetical completeness in our imagination the high, arid plains of that parched region, and to show us by form and color the variegated material of the low tents of the nomad tribes that dwell on the outskirts of the desert, with their camels and sheep. The painter alone can make real to our fancy the wadys—broad and shallow river-beds—above whose sandy bottoms flow small, wind-

ing streams of fresh water from the highlands that divide the desert from the sea. These wadys flow past the little desert oases which they form, and are lost at length in the salt ponds without an outlet, which the Arabs designate as "shots."

Amid tracts of country of this character Mr. Gifford made his home, accompanied by his artist-wife and an Arab guide. His mode of life among these half-civilized people had its own charm. Living in adobe houses, feeding upon dates, and going upon long sketching-tramps to the little oases that here dot the desert, or to Moorish tombs, with their white domes surrounded by the sacred palm, existence was full of romantic adventure. The reality of the spots he visited is made still more vivid to us by a multitude of fairy-like tissues of all sorts that cover the walls of his studio—silks embroidered with floss into each form of the wild-flowers of Morocco or Algeria; muslins as soft and thin as a vapor, but a vapor infiltrated by sunbeams, as the muslin is spun with rich threads of gold; strange, grotesque hats made of the palm, with tall crowns that repel the heat from the heads of their wearers, and spotted with big bunches of trimming of every fiery color, as sharp in hue as those our own negroes delight in. Brass shields appear upon the walls of Mr. Gifford's studio, among these delightful materials, the green, thin metal of these *plagues* being used in Africa for defense by the light-armed Arabs. These stuffs dim to comparative insignificance the household-art we have ourselves arrived at. Every show-room in New York seems tawdry beside the strange and lovely walls of such studios as Mr. Gifford's, Mr. Colman's, and Mr. Tiffany's, whose garnishing brings us the very aroma of the lands of the sun.

But it is not of Mr. Gifford's nomad-life that we should chiefly speak; nor should the quaint beauty of his studio be made too prominent. His sketches and pictures have the first claim upon our notice, and, from their interest and excellence, well merit to take rank with the best artistic contributions to our knowledge of the geography and habits of remote parts of the world.

Mr. Gifford's paintings cover much the same groups of Moorish buildings as Mr. Colman's, and are in water-colors chiefly, which have the same characteristics of rich color as that artist's, as both of these men were educated in the same methods of painting in Paris when they were students. In addition to his pictures of horseshoe arches, towers covered with Arabic tiling, and roofs of high places, the abode of storks and their young, Mr. Gifford has made a great many delightful paintings of wide stretches of desert, whose many-hued, yellow sands are unbroken by a shadow, save where groups of stunted date-palms, far off toward the horizon, tell of a little moisture, or where, near at hand, a long, low tent, inclosed with brightly-colored, striped covering, discloses through its open side a group of dusky Arabs, who smoke their *chiboukes* and watch their sheep. The sky of these pictures glimmers and glitters with the fine dust that loads the air of the desert, and it gives to the color a look

partially like vapor and slightly resembling smoke. In several cases Mr. Gifford has made very charming and elaborate studies of single palm-trees, with their long, flowing pods of growing dates. In other cases he has sketched the low serrated hills, or has made pictures of the buff-and-porphry-tinted ridges of naked sand and rock, of colors with which the traveler in Southern Europe has grown familiar.

Mr. Gifford has also in his collection studies of the Nile-boats, with their poised sails looking like the wings of birds; and, during a short sojourn in Venice, he took elaborate views of the long-familiar but never-tedious red-and-yellow fishing-boats.

Just at the present time, when the East and its associations are more than ever popular, the return of three such sympathetic renderers of her peculiarities as Mr. Colman, Mr. Tiffany, and Mr. Gifford, bringing with them their "treasure-troves," forms a particularly pleasant point in the art-season of New York.

Mr. Tiffany is already on his return to these same scenes for his winter painting, and the public may expect to see at the coming Water-Color Exhibition a fine and complete collection of the works of these three artists.

At the corner of Tenth Street and Sixth Avenue, a new building for police-courts and a prison has acquired considerable proportions. Though far from being finished even upon the outside, its architecture is so interesting as to strongly fix itself upon the attention of the passer-by. Tenth Street, on the west side of Sixth Avenue, makes a diagonal turn to the south, forming the land in this place into a triangle, the lower end of which is occupied by low market-buildings. Facing the avenue, the District Court-House has a length of about a hundred feet, while it forms an acute angle at the corner of Tenth Street, whose sharp point is rounded away into a blunt curve. On Tenth Street, which forms the back-entrance to the offices, projections and introcessions of every shape and size make almost detached sections of portions of the building, and the deep recesses form winding passages that lead to hidden doorways. The building has two distinct portions united by a low passage, one designed as a prison, the other as a court-house.

The material of the building is red brick, with yellowish sandstone trimmings, though here and there polished granite of differing hues adds variety to the material, and once or twice white marble occurs. The length on Sixth Avenue is somewhat regular in its general line, but the façade is divided by two or three slight breaks and depressions. This one long general line appears the only tolerably regular thing about the structure, the variety and oddness of which appear in every part. Two high stories are now nearly completed, and each division is marked by lofty windows. Groups of these openings are everywhere unlike. In one part a range of high, pointed windows are grouped in pairs, standing well apart, below which slabs of the yellow sandstone, three or four feet deep, are

carved into various shapes of arabesque in low-relief. Near by these windows two or three long square ones appear, it may be capped with red brick, set cornerwise, to project in a multitude of little points, or black bricks fill in the framework of the window. Small, round openings occur here and there, and they in their turn may have a granite casing, or a wreath of oak or holly leaves of yellow sandstone forms their decoration. High up on the building a carved group of many figures in a large but shallow recess of the wall catches the light, and still further varies a structure only to glance at which provokes the curiosity to study its striking and novel details.

It is said by some competent critics that a building should be constructed from the necessities of its interior, to be really normal; and that if a room, a chimney, or a window, is found convenient in any part, the necessary exterior irregularities it will cause are perfectly legitimate, and really most interesting. If such be the case, and doubtless there is much truth at the bottom of the idea, then the structure we are describing certainly suggests that it was interior convenience, not external symmetry, that prompted the purpose of the architect.

A tall tower, we believe, will surmount the building, and such an addition would doubtless add much to its interest. It is to be desired that eventually the old rookery of a market-building may be removed, and the line of the court-house be made to fill the entire length of the square. In such a case the height of the edifice would warrant a big tower, that would help to give presence as well as dignity to what is now already a curious and exceedingly interesting expression of the growing taste for architectural improvement.

THE Boston artists who cluster in that cozy and commodious emporium of art, the Studio Building, opened their gallery and studios for their second exhibition on the evening of the 13th of December. In the gallery were gathered the fruits of several months' labor, while in the many curious and comfortable studios up-stairs were to be seen the latest studies and the unfinished heads and sketches of the occupants. The exhibition comprised oil-pieces, crayons, and water-colors, and many of the best-known Boston painters were represented by one or more pictures. That which was most observed was the single work of William M. Hunt which appeared on the walls. The subject of this is "A November Day." We doubt, however, if the picture would attract much attention were it placed anonymously in a gallery where it would not be observed by those familiar with the peculiarities which Hunt, whatever his subject or style for the moment, never fails to betray. A "November Day" is neither a fresh nor an especially pleasing or poetic subject. Mr. Hunt has not succeeded in relieving its sombreness. The picture, though not actually gloomy, is cold and little suggestive. It represents an open space just by a disheveled wood; a river runs on the other side, and beyond rises a wooded hill, with a rather stately, old-fash-

ioned mansion peeping above the branches on its crest. It is a bold, forcible representation, but wanting in delicacy. A large proportion of the pictures exhibited is of landscapes. This seems to be the favorite field of art for the Boston painters. There is a good picture of "Mystic Lake," by Benjamin Champney, decidedly better than many of his recent works; some pretty flower-sketches, by Miss E. M. Carpenter; "Early Autumn" and a Swiss scene, by Custer; two views of the vicinity of Portsmouth, by Gay, who manifestly improves; two pastoral views, by Gerry; while Higgins, Kinsley, Miles, young Ernest Longfellow, Norton, Russ, and Shapleigh, exhibit a pleasing variety of landscapes, mostly of a quiet character. Darius Cobb has a good portrait, and a spirited little piece representing a "Wreck." Several of the crayon portraits are excellent, one of the late Dr. Kirk, and a portrait of a child, particularly so. There are several marine landscapes, too, worthy of observation. Such are Benjamin's "Sea rising against Tide, Gulf of St. Lawrence," and "Dawn off White Island;" two by Charles G. Dana; Lansil's "Sunset at Sea;" Newell's "On Narragansett Bay" and "Harbor View at Sunset;" and Tuckerman's "Fishing-Boats running for a Harbor before a Gale, on the Yorkshire Coast." Several small water-color studies by T. O. Langerfeldt are marked by great delicacy of execution and fidelity to detail, and are little gems in their way. Three are of scenes at Mount Desert, showing the "Old Man's Head," the "Beach," and another scene. A recent visit to the Boston studios revealed the fact that, though the times are hard, the painters of that city are by no means left idle by the lovers of art.

JUST after the last "Passion-play" at Oberammergau, in the autumn of 1871, the art-loving King of Bavaria—who had been one of the spectators that year—made known his intention of erecting in that neighborhood a suitable memorial in honor of this old custom, preserved by his subjects alone. Accordingly, on his return to Munich he intrusted the execution of his purpose to the able and experienced sculptor Professor Johann Halbig. A huge block of fine marble was brought to Munich from the Kehlheim quarries for the purpose of carrying out the artist's conception; and, at the expiration of four years, the work was completed. Last August it was transported, with great difficulty, over the Bavarian Alps to Oberammergau. On the 15th of October it was erected on the Osterbichel, a high hill at the foot of the Sonnenberg, just outside of the village, and was immediately unveiled and dedicated with appropriate observances. The memorial consists of a crucifix-group, forty feet in height from the ground to the top of the cross. It stands out in bold relief against a background of dark-green foliage, and will form one of the principal objects of interest to the crowds which shall attend the future exhibitions of the "Passion-play." It is in the Byzantine style of art—the style especially associated in Germany with sacred subjects. The base is formed by a pediment and socle, above which are the Saviour on

the cross, his mother, and his disciple John. The two latter are standing one on each side of the cross. The artist has fixed upon the moment when the Redeemer committed his mother to the care of his apostle. The attitudes and expressions of the two subordinate figures portray very faithfully the sorrowful reverence with which they receive his commands; and the figure of the Saviour himself is one which will certainly add greatly to the already high reputation of the sculptor. Both the socle and the cross are elaborately ornamented and inscribed. On the lower part of the cross, between the two side-figures, are carved the words: "Woman, behold thy son! Son, behold thy mother!" On the socle, under the figure of Mary, is inscribed: "To the artistic talent and the morals of the true Oberammergau fathers." On the other side, beneath the figure of John, is—"From King Louis II., in memory of the Passion-play." Between these two inscriptions is carved the coat-of-arms of Bavaria. All these decorations and inscriptions are in front. In the rear, on the lower part of the socle, is—"Erected in the year 1875."

ALTHOUGH when witnessing Mr. Daly's new drama entitled "Pique" we were morally certain that the play was not of the soil, we were unable to detect its foreign source. We remarked to a companion at our side that the play bore decided marks of having been constructed from an English novel, and that the American names and American places did not obscure the trail of the European parentage. It has since been discovered that one act of the play is derived from Florence Marryat's "Her Lord and Master." How much of the rest is original we do not know; but, as the story has a very incongruous character, we are probably not far wrong in assuming that the whole structure is made up of borrowed fragments. If the time should ever come that the American people would resent attempts to give as delineations of American life and character thinly-glazed copies of English domestic scenes, there would be some hope for the American drama; but so long as our people patiently accept as original the retouched productions of European writers, we shall have nothing to show as American art but certain aggregates of shreds and patches in which the material is old and the joiner-work disreputable.

"Pique" opens as a comedy, but soon slips into a serious, and at last develops into a sensational melodrama. A brilliant woman of society, discovering that she has been deceived by her lover, in a moment of pique accepts the hand of a suitor whom she does not love. The woman bitterly regrets her hasty step; is driven by resentment at the treatment she receives at the hands of her husband's family, to reveal to him that not love but anger had induced her to accept his hand; a separation follows; afterward her child is stolen by tramps. In the suffering that ensues, and in the mutual search by husband and wife for the lost one, love is awakened in the bosom of the wife, and the estranged couple are united. There is some very good acting. Fanny Davenport is sparkling and brilliant in the first act, ear-

nest and natural in all the rest. This lady is evincing a higher dramatic power than she has commonly been credited with. Mr. Fisher as the stern father of the husband is excellent; he gives an almost perfect portrait of the character. All the other parts are acted with care, and generally in a very satisfactory manner.

THE *Saturday Review* says that "it is heartening to find the French beating us in color-painting and the Americans in wood-engraving." A good deal of excellent wood-engraving has certainly been done in the United States recently, especially in the field of fine book-work. Whittier's "Mabel Martin," for instance, and some of the examples of American artists in the *ART JOURNAL*, have been unexcelled abroad. But we here do not produce such bold, strong work as may be seen in the London *Graphic* or the *Illustrated London News*; and we are specially deficient in figure-draughtsmen. It would be simply impossible, with our present art-resources, to publish in this country a weekly like the London *Graphic*.

ACCORDING to Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, who are now giving their "Recollections of Writers," in a London magazine, Hazlitt could have succeeded better as an artist than he did as a man of letters: "His dramatic as well as his literary judgment was most sound, and that he became a man of letters is matter of congratulation to the reading world; nevertheless, had William Hazlitt been constant to his first intellectual passion, that of painting, and to his first ambition, that of becoming a pictorial artist, there is every reason to believe that he would have become quite as eminent as any Academician of the eighteenth century. The compositions that still exist are sufficient evidence of his promise. The very first portrait that he took was a mere head of his old nurse: and so remarkable are the indications in it of early excellence in style and manner that a member of the profession inquired of the person to whom Hazlitt lent it for his gratification, 'Why, where did you get that Rembrandt?' The upper part of the face was in strong shadow, from an over-riding black-silk bonnet edged with black lace, that threw the forehead and eyes into darkened effect; while these, as well as the wrinkled cheeks, the lines about the mouth, and the touches of actual and reflected light, were all given with a truth and vigor that might well recall the hand of the renowned Flemish master. It was our good fortune also to see a magnificent copy that Hazlitt made of Titian's portrait of Ippolito dei Medici, when we called upon him at his lodgings one evening. The painting—mere stretched canvas without frame—was standing on an old-fashioned couch in one corner of the room leaning against the wall, and we remained opposite to it for some time, while Hazlitt stood by holding the candle high up so as to throw the light well on to the picture, descanting enthusiastically on the merits of the original. The beam from the candle falling on his own finely-intellectual head, with its iron-gray hair, its square potential forehead, its massive mouth and chin, and eyes full of earnest fire, formed a glorious picture in itself, and remains a luminous vision forever upon our memory."

"GERMAN critics," says the *Academy*, "speak very highly of a painting entitled 'Home Happiness,' by a young and hitherto unknown artist named Bruno Piglheim. It represents simply a

happy married couple in a comfortable interior, surrounded by a number of blooming children and cheerful servants—not a very exalted theme, but one which is sure to be very popular, appealing as it does to the domestic sympathies of mankind. Although treated entirely as a *genre* subject, 'Home Happiness' is of colossal dimensions, the figures being nearly life-size, and a large number being introduced. The effect is said to be most striking, the treatment masterly, and the broad, bold execution of the new painter to resemble that of no less a master than Franz Hals."

THE Corcoran Gallery of Art at Washington has just received Detaille's famous picture of "Le Regiment qui passe," exhibited in the Paris Exposition of 1875, and afterward at Brussels, where it was bought for the Corcoran. It is four feet square, and represents a regiment of the line passing along a boulevard of Paris on a wet, snowy day in December. It is full of interest from the contrasted masses of soldiery, workmen, and schoolboys; and a grandeur is given to it by the forms of Portes St.-Martin and St.-Denis, with other buildings that loom up through the muffled, snowy air.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

ANIMAL DEPRAVITIES.

"DOES a brute, like a man, ever violate 'the laws of its own nature?'" is the question which a recent writer in the *Journal of Science* makes the text of a lengthened argumentative essay. The subject is one which admits, no doubt, of argument, and, if the writer under review fails to support the affirmative with an ability equal to his zeal, there is yet to be found in this paper abundant material for both thought and theory. A broader and somewhat clearer statement of the question is that given by one holding to the negative, when he says, "If you wish to establish man's kinship with brutes, you must prove that they, too, are capable of vice, his imagined prerogative." Passing over the introductory passages, which appear to be mainly devoted to an ill-tempered and rather unjust statement of the opposing views, we will at once consider the main points of the affirmative, as laid down and defended by one who is evidently an earnest advocate of animal depravity. As must needs be the case in a discussion of this character, the "Book of Anecdotes" is frequently referred to, since, previous to the determination of the "motive" of any act, the details of the act itself must be given. Defining depravity as a willful violation of the law of our nature, the following story is told, since it is regarded as affording a "clear case of self-determination, of appetite and passion governed by the will." A fine terrier in the possession of a surgeon at Whitehaven exhibited its sagacity in the following amusing manner: It came into the kitchen and began plucking the servant by the gown, and, in spite of repeated rebuffs, persevered in its purpose. Failing to attract the needed attention in this quarter, it turned to the mistress, who was at last induced to follow it up-stairs into a bedroom whither it led her. There it began barking and looking under the bed, and then up to her face. Acting

upon this evident suggestion, the mistress also looked under the bed, there to discover a cat quietly demolishing a beefsteak, which it had feloniously obtained. Previous to this, a bitter enmity was known to exist between the dog and cat, the latter being a late arrival. As this incident is cited as a "capital case," it may be well to note the writer's method of treating it: "Instinct," he tells us, "might undeniably have led the terrier to attack the cat and attempt to deprive her of her booty. But we find this natural impulse here completely restrained for the attainment of a definite end. The terrier must have drawn the conclusion that his enemy, if detected in theft, would probably suffer severe punishment, perhaps even death; and he therefore laid an information against her, calculating thus to get rid of her without compromising himself." Unquestionably, this is a good story, and may be a true one, yet we find it difficult to understand by what right the author claims for this dog the peculiarly willful weakness suggested by his conclusions. In the first place, instinct would not undeniably have led the dog, under these special conditions, to attack the cat. In fact, judging from the announcement of a previously existing state of enmity, and from the recognized bravery and prowess of a cat as compared with those of a house-terrier, it is more than probable that the instinct of fear—rendered more active, it is possible, by former defeat—would have restrained rather than encouraged active measures. Then, again, why seek for such a bloodthirsty and depraved motive as this writer suggests, when it is much more reasonable to suppose that the dog simply wanted the meat, and knew no less hazardous way of obtaining it than by calling to his assistance the kindly interference of his mistress, to which same interference he had doubtless previously appealed under similar circumstances and with good result?

We have dwelt at so great length upon this single instance for a double purpose: first, that the weakness of this special plea might not be overlooked; but mainly because the author's treatment of the fact is very like that with which similar facts are treated every day by those who are prompted by a worthy but mistaken fondness for their household pets to exaggerate their accomplishments.

If all that dogs have been said to have done, or the wise things that parrots have been thought to have said, were recorded, the world would not contain the books that would be written, while man would find himself finally and forever banished from his throne of intellectual supremacy.

To return to the further consideration of the paper before us, we find attention directed to special instances: first, of physical weakness begotten of inordinate passion, and then of absolute moral depravity pure and simple. Under the first head we are told that many animals are gluttons, and some have become drunkards. "Cows," we learn, "have been known to gorge themselves with clover till they died. Ducks also often suffer from their own greediness." And yet brutes have a certain liberty of action, and

can be either temperate or gluttonous as they will. Hence, if they refrain, do they not deserve equal credit with the man who resists temptation, and thus exercises self-restraint? It is possible that the reader will already have discovered the weak point in this train of conclusions. In order to prove that either animals or men are willfully gluttonous, you must also prove that they indulged, having a full knowledge of the injurious results of such intemperance. Granting even that the cow knew that the clover would disagree with her, does it yet not remain to be proved that she was conscious of a responsibility for her physical condition? In further cases attention is directed to other forms of indulgence, which, though rare, are yet cited to enforce this point.

By far the most suggestive and significant portion of this argument in favor of animal depravity is that which may be included under the head of the so-called moral offenses. The writer claims that the fear shown by a dog when trespassing upon forbidden ground is evidence of his knowledge of the offense he is committing, and yet we venture to state that no dog who had not been punished for trespassing ever evinced any special reluctance to cross his neighbor's domain. Upon the fact that animals deliberately and for a purpose practise deceit, special stress is laid, and here again anecdotes are brought forward, and not without a certain show of force. From several of these we select the following: A terrier, finding that a companion had anticipated him in getting possession of a snug seat, suddenly pricked up his ears, dashed into a corner of the room, and began barking and scratching furiously. The other dog, believing that this commotion indicated the presence of a rat, hastened to the spot, whereupon the terrier ran back and secured the coveted cushion. This story, if it be true, and it is told on good authority, undoubtedly furnishes a theme for thoughtful consideration; but if the dog deliberately lied, then also does the opossum, who, following an inbred, instinctive impulse, simulates death in order to mislead his pursuers; or the lapwing when she limps away from the confines of her nest, in order to induce the schoolboy to follow her instead of pursuing his search for her eggs or young.

A second instance brought forward to enforce this view that animals "indulge to the best of their means and opportunities in deceit, affectation, and hypocrisy," is the story narrated by Mr. G. J. Romanes, in *Nature*. Again the subject is the terrier, and the story of his offense runs as follows: "He used to be very fond of catching flies upon the window-panes, and if ridiculed when unsuccessful was very much annoyed. On one occasion, in order to see what he would do, I purposely laughed immoderately every time he failed. It so happened that he did so several times—partly, I believe, in consequence of my laughing—and eventually he became so distressed that he positively pretended to catch the fly, going through all the appropriate actions with his lips and tongue, and afterward rubbing the ground with his neck, as if to kill the victim. He then looked up to me with a triumphant air of success. So

well was the whole process simulated, that I should have been quite deceived had I not seen that the fly was still upon the window. Accordingly, I drew his attention to the fact, as well as to the absence of anything on the floor, and when he saw that his hypocrisy had been detected he slunk away under some furniture, evidently much ashamed of himself." So runs a story which is certainly wonderful enough; and, while not doubting the writer's honesty of purpose, yet we are prone to confess that, had it been told of a fish, we should have had to discipline our credulity before accepting it.

The last order of evidence cited in indirect defense of this plea for the admission of animals into the ranks of moral offenders, is that relating to suicides. Under this head several instances are given where dogs and horses seem to have willfully put an end to their existence. As this, however, opens a new field, and does not seem to bear directly on the question, we will make it the subject of special reference at some future time. It will be evident to the reader that this discussion has been conducted not in the spirit of a reviewer so much as that of a critic. In a word, we are convinced that certain theorists lay too great stress upon the bearing of facts which, when shorn of the embellishments of fancy and enthusiasm, would appear far less difficult of solution than these now seem. Whether animals are deceitful or not may yet remain to be proved; while the fact that man as a narrator is prone to exaggeration and fanciful embellishment is plainly established. Offenses against moral law are followed by the inevitable punishments ordained to render that law effective; hence, when we have proved the dumb brute to be a sinner, we have but half finished the task, which must then include the discovery and defining of the moral penalties which are the inseparable accompaniments of all transgression either of civil, physical, or moral law.

The value of air-bags as a means of raising sunken vessels has been so clearly demonstrated, that a brief description of their form, structure, and method of application, may prove of interest. Air, as is known, is seven hundred times lighter than water; hence it is evident that any light vessel or bag filled with it may be made to render efficient service either in buoying up a heavy body or raising it from the bottom. To Professor St. Claire, of the University of Edinburgh, is to be credited the first suggestion as to this use of air-bags, which was made as early as the year 1785. It was not, however, till the year 1864, nearly a century later, that the first successful application of this idea was made by Bauer, who raised the steamer *Louis* from the bottom of the lake of Boden. At this time M. J. Alexandrovsky, of Russia, was also perfecting a system by which the turreted iron-clad *Smerch*, which foundered in the Baltic Sea in 1865, was raised. In his endeavors, M. Alexandrovsky was actively supported by Admiral Popoff of the Russian Navy, and the air-bags as now in use for this service in Russia may be described as follows: When inflated they are of a cylindrical form, measuring twelve feet in diameter and twenty feet in length, having a lifting power of about sixty tons. The material of which these bags is composed consists of three layers of the thickest canvas saturated with India-rubber, and between each of the canvas sheets is one of thin

rubber. The two inner layers of canvas are made up of strips sewed together along their edges and laid longitudinally, while in the third or exterior layer the strips surround the bag. By this means great strength is secured. To the external surface straps are fastened, through which is attached a strong net, that increases still further the strength of the covering. In order to distribute the strain, the bag is inclosed in a series of longitudinal and transverse hempen cables; to the lower of these, iron rings are attached, to which the chains from the wreck are made fast. Each bag is fitted in the centre with a valve, to which is fastened a hose through which the air is forced; and at the ends are two smaller valves for letting out the air when desired. These bags are attached, when empty, to the hull of the sunken vessel, by divers who descend for the purpose. When all is in readiness, the process of pumping in air or filling begins, and slowly the bags with their burden ascend to the surface. The list of vessels raised by this means includes some of great size and tonnage. Among these was a merchant schooner, loaded with pig-iron, which sunk in the Baltic in 1869, and the gunboat *Metch*, which in the year 1870 sunk in the roads of Tanzund, in a depth of twenty-one feet. By like means the iron-clad frigate *Minin* was raised and conveyed over the Neva bar to Cronstadt. For purposes of repairing, this method is equally successful, as when the pitch of the propelling screws of the *Popoffka* Novgorod was altered by lifting the stern five feet, which was done by the aid of but three bags. These are but a few of the many instances proving the value of this modern device.

MR. SPENCER F. BAIRD, of the United States Fish Commission, recently addressed the following letter to Mr. Frank Buckland, the distinguished English naturalist:

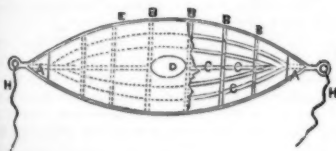
"WASHINGTON, October 16, 1875.

"A public-spirited citizen of Boston, Mr. J. G. Kidder, has offered to be at the expense of attempting to introduce the turbot and sole into American waters, and I now write to inquire if you can give me any information in regard to the habits of these animals, that will throw light upon the subject, as to the best season and method of accomplishing this important enterprise. Is there any season of the year when they can be most readily obtained and most easily kept? If we knew of a method of securing the impregnated eggs, possibly this might be the simplest way of making the transfer. I presume, however, that it will be necessary to rely upon bringing over fish of such size as can be conveniently obtained. Is there any part of the coast of England where young turbot can be found, and of what size? Can they be kept easily in fish-cans, and in what condition of crowding? Do you know any one who would agree to deliver a given number on board a steamer at Liverpool to an agent of the United States Fish Commission, who would probably be sent over especially for their treatment, and what would be the probable cost? Any assistance that you can render in solving this problem will be very thankfully received and acknowledged."

In reply to these inquiries on a subject of general interest to all American naturalists and epicures, Mr. Buckland responds substantially as follows: Regarding the transportation of the eggs, the writer considers it the greatest "puzzle problem in fish-culture, since, in our present knowledge, it is impossible to get impregnated eggs of soles." The transport of living soles is, however, regarded as not altogether impossible, and the following method is proposed by which to make the trial experiment: A number of little soles obtained from the trawling-vessels which fish in Morecambe Bay are to be transferred to the Southport Aquarium. Here a careful study must be made of their habits and needs, the depth of water, quality and quantity of food, etc. After a fortnight of this new life

the final preparations for the transatlantic voyage are to be made. For this purpose a large barrel, having been first thoroughly seasoned with salt-water, should be suspended on shipboard between two posts, after the manner of a milk-churn, since the more the water splashes in the barrel the better. A tap should be attached to the bottom, so that any remnant of decomposed food may be drawn off. The sea-water should be changed twice a day, and, as land is approached, it should be tested by the hydrometer, to see that it is sufficiently salt. Having been once landed on this side, provision should be made for protection and propagation of the fish, on a plan similar to that adopted by the late Colonel McDuell in his tame-cod ponds, at Port Logan. Finally, though expressing an opinion that the task of introducing and naturalizing turbot and soles in America is a very problematical one, yet Mr. Buckland promises to render all the assistance in his power. In view of this promised assistance and support from one so well fitted to aid in the enterprise, Americans may still, in the face of many discouragements, hope to see the sole and turbot included in the catalogues of our naturalists and given a place in the price-lists of our market-men and fishmongers.

THE claim as inventor of the metallic life-car, as made by Captain Ottinger, and fully set forth in his letter which appeared in the JOURNAL of December 4, 1875, seems to be well established, and it is with pleasure that we are permitted to present additional evidence in its favor. In view of the importance of this invention, and the benefit which has come to humanity through its adoption, the surprise is that there has been so long a delay in granting to the inventor the honor which is his due. The following letter, recently received from Mr. R. B. Forbes, of Milton, Massachusetts, it will be seen, furnishes additional testimony in favor of Captain Ottinger's claim, though in it the writer, by the aid of a simple sketch here reproduced, directs attention to



an improvement or modification of the iron car. This, as will be seen, has the point in its favor of being lighter and more readily constructed and handled, though we question whether in rough weather it would stand the hard usage to which these cars are necessarily subjected. The following is the letter containing the description of the canvas car:

"DEAR SIR: Seeing the description and illustrations of Captain Douglass Ottinger's life-car in your No. 350, I am desirous of corroborating what is said as to the origin of the machine. I remember perfectly well seeing the original car made under Lieutenant Ottinger's orders, and to him belongs the credit of the invention. I have also invented and used a *balsa*, or life-car, which in some respects is preferable to any metallic car. In rough weather, even after communication has been established with a wreck by an endless rope, it is difficult to haul off a metallic car weighing three or four hundred pounds. The machine I have used, although much more *perishable* than a metallic car, is so light that it can be hauled off and on by a smaller line and a weaker and smaller force; and this is important on a coast sparsely inhabited. It consists of a float made of hoops like mast-hoops (B B B), of the shape of a fat cigar, or two cones with their bases joined. This frame is covered with canvas well painted, the hoops being supported by longitudinal battens (A C), and in the centre of the *balsa* there is a man-hole (D), to which is attached a canvas nozzle

long enough to be tied up from the outside or to be taken inside by the occupants and held firmly, to exclude water. At each end is a place to attach hauling-lines (H H), and for cases where the people are to be taken out by means of travelers running on a hawser distended between the ship and the shore, there are pendants and rings for suspending the car. R. B. FORBES.

Miscellanea.

THE "German Home-Life" articles in *Fraser*, by the Countess von Bothmer, are continued, the latest paper having "Men" for its theme. The subjoined is an eloquent description of the young German on his travels:

To begin with the physical aspects of the matter, we may venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that from earliest childhood the German man has privileges above the German woman, and these privileges grow always and increase. We know what their respective physical education is: the boy belongs to his *Turn-Ver-ein*; he mixes with his inferiors, superiors, and equals; he profits by his holidays to take long walking-tours; he lives entirely during these summer excursions in the rough, carrying his modest wardrobe in a knapsack, eating how, when, where he can; falling in with parties of other youthful students like himself, fraternizing on the road, hobnobbing in the inns, singing with his full young voice the *Volkstieder*, the *Studentenlieder*, the *Soldatenlieder*, of his Fatherland. He comes across ruined castles, ancient fortresses, Druid circles, quaint old hunting *Schloesser*, convents, churches. Straightway he learns all about what he sees; if he be not himself a student or an antiquarian, one or other of the party is; his young chest is bared to the breeze; his strong young limbs climb the mountain; his eye roves keenly and restlessly to right and left; what there is to be seen he will see; what there is to learn he will learn; what may be known he will know. The scents of the thyme and the pine linger in his tawny young mane; he takes a draught of milk, a draught of water, with the simple food his wallet affords; he lies down, with his plaid under his head, in the shadow of the rock, or beneath the murmuring pines and the hemlocks, and enjoys his noon-day nap. He saw the sun rise this morning, and has walked many an upward mile since day-break. Seeing him lying there, you may, perhaps, take him for a young artisan (*auf der Wanderschaft*), as perhaps he is (for boys of all ranks will go out to spend their holidays in the summer woods), or perhaps you discern, despite his rough clothes and his modest equipment, signs of that good blood in him which, as the proverb says, *ne peut mentir*. In any case, though he may not look what you would call a "gentleman," he looks a man, with manly purpose and intention even in his sleeping eyelids and smiling mouth. He will get up presently, and go singing through the sunlit woods, a gay, a cheery, enviable young athlete. So, with a certain rough freedom, breathing Nature, full of quaint, simple prose and poetry, with infinite capabilities of enthusiasm, with dim aspirations and vague yearnings after possible impossibilities, the German youth goes his way, through ideal paths into the great reality of the future.

But German gentlemen are not gallant:

German ladies are not accustomed to the entire and untiring devotion which Englishwomen accept with all the calm unconsciousness of a right. No man rises to open the door for you when you leave the room; if cups of tea or cof-

fee have to be handed about, it is the lady of the house that will carry them round; she will be rewarded with a "*Tausend Dank, meine Gnadigste*," but the "most gracious" will be allowed to trot about all the same. A man need not wait (in that happy land) for "pain and anguish" to "rack the brow" before the ministering angels appear upon the scene. You (one of the angels) may search an hour for your *sortie de bal* in a cloak-room before one of that group of glittering beings assembled round the door will put out a helping hand. When at last you emerge from your difficulties, and pass down the stairs, they will draw themselves up, in *stramme militaerische Haltung*, click their heels together, and bring their heads to the level of their sword-belts; and, if that is not devotion, chivalric behavior, and splendid respect, the world has none to show, and you are an exacting and irrational malcontent.

The thoroughness of discipline and authority of social law are illustrated as follows:

In everything the German is controlled. He is controlled in his love-makings and marryings; he is controlled in the utterance of his opinion; he is controlled in his goings out and his comings in. The journalist is liable at any moment to fine and imprisonment; the caricaturist to arrest; of liberty of the press there can be no question; of the license of the law no doubt. In the old gambling days of Baden and Homburg, no native officer was permitted to play at the tables; the money of the state must remain absolutely in the state pocket; but this fatherly solicitude for the coin of the country did not extend itself to the pocket of the peasant, who would stand gloating through long Sunday afternoons at the heaps of gold, venture at last his florin or his thaler, and retire into his workaday world on Monday a disillusioned chaw-bacon. Control touches even the follies and flirtations of the young. Lately, in a northern capital garrisoned by Prussian troops, an ardent young lieutenant and a coy and bashful maiden found themselves for a moment, by some rare chance, in a deserted tea-room alone. The enamored youth had just caught his fair one by the hand, when her most intimate of intimate bosom friends entered. The poor girl started up in terror, and, forgetful alike of her love and her lover, broke out, "Pray, pray, best Evelina, do not say what you have seen." Evelina promised, and the imprudent maiden returned at once to the ballroom. But lo! next day the story, with various embroideries, was circulating through all the *Kaffees*, and behold! the day after, the ardent lieutenant was summoned to an irate general's presence. "Young man," said his stern *Vorgesetzter*, glooming down upon him in grim regulation wrath, "you are transferred to depot duty on the frontier; there you will have ample time to reflect on your indiscretion." And forth, like ball from the cannon's mouth, behold our gay young *militaire* shot over the frontier! Hear this, gallant young English gentlemen, horse, foot, and dragoons; hear it, too, young English maidens inclining tender ears to manly pleadings, and be thankful that your bosom friends are not spies, nor, as a rule, the colonels of our regiments martinet in matters of the affections!

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENOX, in his "Celebrities I have seen," just published in London, has some interesting facts about the famous Beau Brummell:

Brummell, the undisputed *arbitrer elegantissimi*, was termed by the *ignorami* the king of the dandies; with due submission, I beg to pronounce this a libel. He was anything but a

dandy. The term dandyism never could be applied with justice to him; it would be a profanation to couple his name with such an offensive distinction. Of all my acquaintances, he was the quietest, plainest, and most unpretending dresser.

Those who remember him in his palmy days will bear testimony to the truth of this assertion; it was the total absence of all peculiarity, and a rigid adherence to the strictest rules of propriety in costume, which gained for him the homage due to his undisputed taste. He eschewed colors, trinkets, and gewgaws; his clothes were exquisitely made, and, above all, adapted to his person; he put them on well too, but for all this there was no striving for effect—there was an unusual absence of study in his appearance.

At the period I refer to, the art of tying a neckcloth was one deeply studied by all who had any pretensions to dandyism, and a small volume called "Neckclothiana," with practical instructions and illustrations as to the different ties, the manner of folding and tying the starched cambric, was on every gentleman's dressing-table. Theory without practice was unavailing, as was often proved; many a follower of Brummell's sacrificing half a dozen cravats in an attempt to get a "waterfall," as one of the devices was called.

Brummell was the first to show up any prevailing folly in fashion if carried to excess, as the instance I am about to record will prove. At the period I am writing of, white neckcloths, starched to a purgatorial pitch, reminded one of that implement of torture, a collar called the "Scavenger's Daughter," were worn by the fashionable men about town, many of whom looked as if they were in the pillory. At a dinner given on the reopening of Watier's Club, in Piccadilly, Brummell and the late Duke of Beaufort, then Marquis of Worcester, were present. Brummell, anxious to expose the absurdities of the worshippers of starch, adopted the following singular method of taking wine with his friend: Leaning back in his chair, he thus addressed the waiter:

"Is Lord Worcester here?" (he was seated within two of him).

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Tell his lordship," continued Brummell, "I shall be happy to drink a glass of wine with him."

"Yes, sir," replied the serving-man.

After the proper interval, Brummell inquired:

"Is his lordship ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then tell him I drink his health."

Here was a keen touch of satire good-humoredly conveyed to the stiff-necked generation. Brummell's tie was always unimpeachable, and on this occasion he would not risk the dislocation of a fold in pledging the health of his neighbor to show, after his own peculiar manner, the ridiculous extent to which the martyrdom of stiff neckcloths could be carried.

It must be admitted by all who had the pleasure of Brummell's acquaintance, that he was the most entertaining companion and finished gentleman that ever graced society.

Byron writes: "I like the dandies; they were always very civil to me." Now this opinion of the great poet I willingly indorse, for taking them as a body, they were very agreeable, clever, occasionally satirical, but always thoroughly gentlemanlike men. Of course, they had their failings, and Brummell, the dandy *par excellence*, was not free from them. The pains he took with his ties, that they might appear faultless, were extremely puerile, for he prided himself on sacrificing five or six before he could get the correct one; and to find a man encasing his neck with a stiffly-starched cambric, with a valet by his side to iron it smoothly, and then not to be satisfied if a crease or wrinkle appeared, was, to say the least of it, highly ridiculous.

THE subjoined is from the *Independent*. If the religious papers generally come to take this just and liberal view of the question discussed, we shall soon see the end of a vexed and dangerous controversy:

For the information of the Rev. Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, it may be well to say that a large and increasing class of the American people, who are not heretics, or knaves, or "base politicians," are soberly of the opinion that public schools, created and regulated by law and sustained by general taxation, should be confined to the sphere of secular instruction, and that the business of religious teaching should be remitted to the family and the church. To brand these people as being heretics or corrupt in morals is to make a statement whose falsehood is equaled only by its indecent abuse. The reverend gentleman ought to know, and, as we presume, does know, that the Bible whose reading in the public schools he so strenuously advocates is the Protestant version of the Sacred Scriptures known as King James's Bible; that to this version the Catholic objects as being incorrect; that to the New Testament part of it the Jew objects, as being untrue; and that to the whole of it the infidel objects, as being a mere fable. Now, if he will show that, being a Protestant, a citizen,

and a taxpayer, he has any more rights in respect to the public school than he would have if he were a Catholic, a Jew, or an infidel, and a citizen and a taxpayer, we shall be happy to sit at his feet and learn. If he will show that it is the province of the state to teach religion under any form in the public school, then we promise to take his argument and prove that it is the province of the state to teach religion in the pulpit, to determine by authority what kind of religion shall be thus taught, to appoint and support the teachers of this pulpit religion, and to forbid by pains and penalties the teaching of any other religion—in short, to have an established religion, sustained by and armed with the agencies of the civil power. Of course, he would not welcome this conclusion, although he holds premises which prove it, if they prove anything, and which in other countries have been used to justify it in practice.

"FALLEN FORTUNES,"

A Novel,

By JAMES PAYN, Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd,"
"Walter's Word," etc.,

Will be commenced in APPLETON'S JOURNAL of
January 8th.

Notices.

A GREAT SILVER HOUSE.—Among the great variety of Christmas goods exhibited at this season, there are hardly any more attractive in themselves than articles of silverware. There is said to be no metal capable of being worked into so great variety of forms, and of giving so many different effects, as silver. Merely by mechanical means, silver may be made to receive and retain many different shades of color—glittering white, milk color, dark gray, greenish gray, etc. By combining these shades in the same piece of silverware, a very beautiful and artistic effect is produced. The art of working in silver has been carried to a high degree of excellence within the last few years, and many of the most beautiful personal and household ornaments, suitable for holiday presents, are made of this metal. At the great retail store of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, at No. 1 Bond Street, a large stock of Christmas silverware goods is exhibited. The variety of children's gifts, made of solid silver, is very extensive. There are a hundred different sorts of cups, gold-lined, and ornamented with heavy bass-reliefs, representing Cupids, horses and chariots, checker-work, etc. Some of the dinner-sets for little folks, put up in elegant satin-lined cases, are valued at from \$75 to \$100. Many small articles of silver, suitable for gifts, such as cigar-holders, card-cases, cigarette-boxes, pocket-books, etc., are exhibited. The ornaments on these are modeled, in many cases, after Egyptian and Babylonian bass-reliefs, and are delicately correct in their details. Among the more curious articles exhibited for the holiday trade are pepper-boxes, apart from sets, made of solid silver, very heavy, richly carved, and imitating in shape boxes, kegs, dogs, sphinx-heads, etc. These are sold at from \$40 to \$65 a pair. Other quaint articles are pocket-flasks of polished or chased silver, ornamented with bass-reliefs of a rich dark color, resembling that of oxidized steel. Some of these are sold for \$50. Very costly inkstands, put up in leather boxes, carving sets of the best imported steel, with silver handles, flower-vases of almost infinite variety in sizes and shapes, boxes of knives and forks, and tea and dinner sets, worth from \$250 to \$2,500, are among the articles that tempt the buyers of holiday presents at this establishment. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

MILLER & GRANT.—There is scarcely any need for us to tell our readers where the firm of Miller & Grant have located their place of business. Everybody knows that their well-known store is one of the features of Broadway, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth Streets, and who is there that has not dealt largely at No. 879? The store and the firm are well known at all times, their patrons are numerous, and at present the number is legion. Nor is this to be wondered at, for Christmas, with all its pleasures, is near at hand, and now those who intend to give presents to those whom they count as friends are busily engaged in scanning shop-windows and looking over the stores within. The present time is not one which favors expensive presents. The days when extravagance reigned supreme are over, and now people look for what is useful as well as handsome. Such as contemplate presents of the kind we have indicated, will do well to visit Messrs. Miller & Grant before the choicest articles have been appropriated by more earnest votaries of St. Nicholas. Among the choicest and most desirable articles now on exhibition are the Russia leather goods, which comprise fans, inkstands, card-cases, pocket-books, hand-mirrors, calendars, and work-boxes, covered and finished in this durable and handsome material. The latest novelty of the season is a handsome desk made in the shape of an army tent, which opens down, thus being ready for convenient use. Lace goods have always been a specialty with this firm, and the assortment which is now in stock has never been surpassed. The novelties of the season are the crepe ties and cashmere bows, both of which are very tasty and handsome. In trimmings we would notice the feather goods, and also the extensive variety of fringes. These are made after the designs of the house, to match the prevailing shades of evening wear, and all of the patterns are effective and in good taste. The stock of wicker-work goods is very large, and the novel work-bags in embroidered canvas are useful and handsome. Finally, we would direct the attention of our readers to the new jewelry in blue enamel and cut steel, which is only obtainable from Messrs. Miller & Grant. These goods are quite new, and cannot be distinguished from sets of turquoise and diamonds. For blondes they are unequalled as brilliant and becoming decorations. There are many more objects of beauty and use which deserve detailed description, but we had rather refer our readers to see and judge for themselves. —*N. Y. Evening Mail.*

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